





## MISCELLANEOUS.

## PROBATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH;

IS ANY MODIFICATION DESIRABLE?

BY REV. L. L. EASTMAN.

My opinion is, that baptism and an intelligent Christian experience, satisfactorily stated before the Society or Church, is all the probation that is calculated to work salvation for the young convert. The more thought I give to this subject, the more I am impressed with the fact, that this six months' "trial" is, in the estimation of a very large proportion of our converts, a cautious, though expressive, show of doubt, in regard to the reality of their Christian profession. And from this cause comes a large portion of the loss of our probationers. Trial expresses doubt; and what could have a greater tendency, to discourage the timid young person, especially in the time of temptation? And then, how comparatively slight is the responsibility imposed upon the probationer? The arch enemy suggests to the wavering soul, now you may just as well join any other good Christian Church, since you are only on probation in the Methodist Church; and away they go, without so much as saying, "By your leave, sir." Or, when they fall into rude company, and are solicited to participate in such follies as are inconsistent for members of the Church to indulge in, they are quieted with the thought, I am only a member of the class on probation. There can be no Church trial, or expulsion. At most, your name will only be dropped, and it can be taken up again when you like. There is by far too little responsibility imposed upon the individual member, and too much assumed by the Church.

At the time when candidates are baptized, or soon after, let them with great solemnity be received into the Church. Those who have been baptized in infancy, should be required publicly to recognize the holy ordinance, and then be received in the same solemn and impressive manner. When converts are strongly inclined to be baptized by immersion, and it is inexpedient to attend to it at once, let their names be taken, as candidates for baptism and Church membership at the earliest opportunity.

This gradual going out of the world into the Church, I think, is poor policy for these times. It may have been well in the past, during the old circuit system of the fathers, when the preacher could only see them once a month, and the people had but an imperfect knowledge of Methodism, or of Methodist usage. This practice gave them the much-needed opportunity to become informed in regard to all of these matters. And again, in those times there was great opposition made to persons joining the Methodist Church. So that, under those circumstances, the transition from the world into the Church was sufficiently marked for all practical purposes. But now, it needs, in my opinion, something more abrupt and striking, to impress upon the convert, the world, and even the Church itself, the greatness of this step. All should be made to feel, if possible, that it is indeed a coming out from the world, in a most solemn and positive sense. It should be rendered an actual, visible entering into the kingdom of Christ—a seen and felt transition from the world of nature and natural pursuits, into the spiritual kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is great joy in heaven over souls converted, without taking them on trial. They are new creatures. Give them new relations without stint. Make no reserves. Manifest no want of love or confidence. But take them, lambs though they may be, at once to the throbbing heart and ample bosom of the Church our dear Saviour purchased with His own blood. Oh, this giving to the dear lambs of Christ's flock the court of the Gentiles simply, when they, of all others, need most the security and warmth of the inner temple of the Lord's house! Are young converts indeed a part of our dear Lord's body? Then, why do we hang them on in this anomalous manner, as though there might speedily come a necessity for an amputation? Let us not offend one of these little ones, for "their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." Ah, if there must be now and then a backslider from the fold, then let us endeavor to make it a real thing! If there must occur here and there a spiritual death, let us, as far as possible, make it a death in the family, and mourn for it accordingly.

This making it easy to die spiritually, and a light thing to fall away from a religious profession, or to suffer it to take place, only as we suffer our dearest friends to die literally, is all wrong. Every possible means should be used to save every convert in the everlasting kingdom. And in order to do this, the sooner we can make them and ourselves to feel that they are indeed one of us indissolubly, the greater will be the probability of succeeding.

May God give to our next General Conference the wisdom to make this much-needed change in our disciplinary rule of receiving members into the Church, and thus prepare the way to save a larger proportion of our converts.

It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our froward hopes in this life, and taps the branches of our worldly joys to the very root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord, spoli my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved forever.—*Rutherford.*

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

## METHODISM IN TAUNTON.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D. D.

At the Conference held in Webster, Mass., in 1834, I was read off for Topsfield, but was immediately transferred to Taunton by Rev. B. F. Lambord, Presiding Elder of the Boston District, which then embraced all eastern Massachusetts from Provincetown to Newburyport, including the islands. Mr. L. was an able and efficient Church officer. He finally died in Lynn, March 19, 1862, after a ministry of fifty-six years. He was a native of Boston.

At Taunton Green, now the heart of that affluent and flourishing city, I found a class of thirteen members. At Sandy Hill, a mile below the Weir, another small class, of five members, wholly composed of the Pratt family—eighteen in all, and all poor. This was the foundation upon which I was to build.

In 1792, at the first Conference held in New England, which was at Lynn, August 1st, Bishop Asbury appointed Lemuel Smith to Providence. He immediately formed a large circuit, which not only included all the State of Rhode Island, which he could cultivate, but also extended east into Massachusetts as far as Easton and Bridgewater, within twenty miles of Boston. Mr. Smith formed a class at Stephen Hunt's on the Providence old road, four miles from the "Green." The old leader, Father Hunt, was now still living, with eleven members in his class. I have now a copy of that rare work, the only one which I know in New England, Lee's History of Methodism, Baltimore, 1808, which I obtained of him. There was also a class at North Rehoboth, formed about the same time. One of its members, Rev. Thomas Perry, joined the New England Conference in 1803, and after a service of five years, located in 1808. He was now living upon his farm in R., a good and prudent man, who lent me counsel and sympathy. This class subsequently became the nucleus of the vigorous little society in North Rehoboth. Both of these classes were under my charge at this time, and added largely to my labors, though they afforded me no pecuniary assistance in my enterprise, except in the case of Miss Stacey, of Father Hunt's class, who gave me \$50, which she had earned by her own hands. She is now the wife of Brother Brush of the Central Church, still faithful to Christ, and on the way to glory.

A large and important class had also been formed at "Father Newcomb's," a wealthy farmer, seven miles from Taunton Green, and two miles east of what is now Norton Depot. Here, turned from his father's door for being a Methodist itinerant, died at the house of Father Newcomb, of consumption, June 22, 1795, Zadok Priest, aged twenty-five years. He was the first Methodist preacher who died in New England, and the affecting circumstances of his early death greatly moved the infant Methodist societies in the eastern States. He was buried in the Newcomb family cemetery, where a stone, with a suitable inscription, marks the final resting-place of this youthful soldier of the Cross, and standard-bearer of a cause then everywhere spoken against. Here, also, the first Methodist camp-meeting in New England, in 1805 and 6, were held, under the Presiding Eldership of Rev. George Pickering, then of the Boston District. The ground is yet shown. A relative, the venerable Thomas Shepherd, D. D., Brown University, 1813, now eighty-eight years of age, the senior pastor of the Congregational Church, Bristol, R. I., who was born and brought up on a large farm in the neighborhood, has informed me that he well remembers those meetings, and Pickering, the distinguished leader of the occasions. But one family of this old class remained at this time.

Numerous attempts, almost from the beginning, were made to plant Methodism on Taunton Green, but without success. The Orthodox Congregationalists, though dating from 1636, the time of the settlement of the ancient town; the Episcopalians, though dating from 1742; and the Baptists, though dating from the beginning of this century, were compelled to struggle for life and position. The Baptist Church, under Rev. Mr. Trask, now so large and influential, was then a mission. How much more difficult, then, was it for us, without numbers, or wealth, or hereditary influence, to succeed!

In 1829, the Mansfield circuit, with two hundred and twenty-eight members, then embraced the whole region north of Taunton. Francis Dane and David Culver, now of the Baptist Church, were the preachers. It was thought that something should be done for Taunton, and Mr. Culver took up his residence on the Green; but with no marked results. In 1830, Mansfield and Taunton appear in the Minutes, with F. Dane and Amos Binney. Mr. B. still lives, and is actively engaged in important and useful literary labors. In 1831, Mansfield and Taunton again appear, with Abraham Holway and Caleb D. Rogers. Mr. R. resided in T., and, I believe, gave his whole service to the society in that place. In 1832, Taunton was connected with Dighton and Somerset, with Warren Emerson, and J. D. Baldwin. Mr. Emerson, who joined Conference in 1828, has ever been faithful to the work, and now, after forty-eight years of itinerant service, is a superannuated of the Providence Conference, and resides in West Thompson, Conn. Mr. Baldwin, who was a young man of some talent and research, the next year went to the Congregationalists in North Killingly, Conn. He subsequently became a political editor in Worcester, and, I think, a member of Congress. In 1833, it was Dighton

and Taunton, with F. Dane and "one to be supplied." This supply was Nathan Rice, a good and holy man, professing sanctification, whom I had known on the Needham circuit in 1832. He resided in Taunton, and devoted himself solely to that society. Up to this time, continued and persistent efforts had been made to establish Methodism on the "Green;" but with no marked results.

Another important fact remains to be stated, before I write further. In 1808, while Rev. John Foster was pastor of the Congregational Church in Taunton, now the Unitarian, Micah Pratt, becoming greatly dissatisfied, left it, and joined the Methodists. He lived on a farm, off the main road, near the bank for the river, about two miles below the "Green." He had a large family, and his house was a stopping place for the weary itinerants of those days; and the house of his son Micah, which stood on the main road at Sandy Hill, was a preaching place of the Somerset circuit, with which it was once connected. Some of his descendants are yet prominent and active members of the Church in Taunton. Bishop Asbury, after making a tour as far east as New Hampshire, on his way back to meet the New England Conference at New London, June 20, 1813, under date of June 12 and 13, writes:—

Saturday, 12. We had a pleasant rain; came away to breakfast, eight miles, in a tavern, praying at the table. Sixteen miles, through dust and heat, made us willing to stop for dinner at Easton; and, continuing on to Taunton, we sought rest with Father Pratt, a lot in Sodom.

Sunday, 13. We rose at four o'clock, to gain twelve miles for Somerset quarter meeting. I lectured on the Lord's prayer. Dined with Captain Reed, and gave an exhortation in the afternoon. I am told there is a revival of the work of God here, and at Warren, and at Bristol. I have difficulties to encounter; but I must be silent. My mind is in God. In New England, we sing, we build houses, we eat, and stand at prayer. Here preachers locate, and people support them, and have traveling preachers, also. Were I to labor forty-two years more, I suppose I should not succeed in getting things right. Preachers have been sent away from Newport by an apostate; so we go. O rare steeples, bells! (organs by-and-by?) these things are against me, and contrary to the simplicity of Christ. We lodge with our brother Brayton.

Father Brayton, with whom the Bishop and his traveling companion, John Wesley Bond, lodged on this occasion, was an opulent farmer, pious, zealous and liberal above many, and who practiced hospitality after the style of "the olden time." The Somerset Church never recovered his loss. His descendants are in repute and eminently respectable. The Brayton Church at Fall River was named in honor of him, at my suggestion.

I suppose the Bishop here refers with great dissatisfaction to Rev. John Tinkham, who joined the New England Conference in 1804, located in 1811, and settled in Easton, where the people built him a parsonage, and supported him. He married a sister of the wife of Bishop Hedding, and was scarcely inferior to Hedding as a preacher. He lies buried in Easton. The Methodist Church, Newport, built in 1807, was the first in the world with a tower. "Steeples and bells!" exclaims the old Bishop; "organs will come by and by." The prophecy is fulfilled.

Somerset was then connected with Warren, R. I., with Artemas Stebbins, circuit preacher, since gone to the Swedenborgians. Tradition says, that notwithstanding the Bishop rose at four o'clock to attend this quarterly meeting, yet, being late, the rule of Discipline was rigidly applied in his case, as well as others; and he was shut out of love-feast! The fact made a bad impression on the minds of the people; and when mentioned to me, more than thirty years after, the decadence of the Somerset Church, once large and important, was ascribed to it. God knows!

Captain Reed was a most excellent and estimable man, whom I remember. His wife was a member of the Church, and he a good friend to it. He was the father of our Brother William Reed, one of the first board of trustees of the Taunton Church, but now of Philadelphia, and also of the wife of Rev. John Livezey of Stoughton.

Mercy Pratt, the youngest daughter and only surviving child of "Father Pratt," now Mrs. Staples of Dartmouth, and who inherits all her father's attachment to Methodism, then a girl of thirteen, well remembers this visit of the apostolic Bishop, and what he said to her, just as he left, placing his hand upon her head, as though ordaining her for the faithful work which she has since performed for two generations past.

## BROTHERLY LETTER FROM A SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

BY REV. ELBERT OSBORN.

These lines are addressed to the superannuated and superannuated ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by one who has been more than fifty years a minister in one of our Conferences, and for the last eight years has been on the superannuated list. In perusing our General Minutes of 1874, I perceive that we number sixteen hundred and seventy ministers. Though we cannot do as much as we once could for the glory of God, yet it seems to me such a number of soldiers of the Cross may accomplish much for God and for souls. Among all the ministers, whose ministrations I enjoyed in my boyhood after my conversion, few, if any, were more useful to me than a

superannuated minister, of small talents, but deep and fervent piety, who had preached Jesus in the wilds of Canada before I was born. And I remember, that more than thirty years ago, two brethren, whom I knew very well, and whose impaired health put them both on the superannuated list, were providentially called to labor together in a revival. It was in a city in the State of New York, and though the pastor was confined to his bed by sickness, and thus unable to labor at all, the Lord greatly blessed the efforts of those two superannuates, and multitudes were converted. With such things before us, dear brethren, permit one of the most unworthy of your number to make a few suggestions, praying God to bless them to some one's good.

1. Let us "in everything give thanks," praising God for the strength we still retain, and the opportunities we still have to work for God. Let us praise Him for temporal comforts, whether supplied from our resources, or by the liberality of the Church; and while we may think that some of our brethren withhold more than they meet, let us pray earnestly for all who give to the collection for Conference claimants, that God will abundantly reward them. Doubtless some of them have but a small share of the comforts and conveniences of life, yet they willingly do what they can to make our last days comfortable. When we read or hear of revivals of religion, and especially when we see an increase of piety among professors, let us give thanks to the Most High. Sometimes we learn that God is reviving His work in places where we have formerly labored. Let us make this an occasion for special thanksgiving.

2. Let us, when referring to past labors and trials, guard carefully against exaggeration, lest we might injure the cause we love so well.

3. Yet we may, for the glory of our Heavenly Father, speak of what He has done in days that are past, and of the displays of His power and mercy which we have seen. A blessed man of God, Rev. Elijah Wolsey, who preached on the circuit including my father's residence in 1815, often, in conversation, and sometimes in public, referred to gracious seasons which he had witnessed in his early ministry. His simple, unostentatious narratives had a very powerful and good effect. He was very careful to avoid publicity in public and in private, an evil to which those of us who are old are very liable, but which we should studiously avoid, if we would be interesting and useful to the young.

4. Let us cultivate a habit of looking at the bright side of things, a practice which will be greatly facilitated by frequently meditating upon, and firmly believing in the blessed declaration of the Bible "all things work together for good to them who love God."

5. It would not be strange if our brethren should sometimes treat us in a manner which may appear to us almost like neglect. Let us pray for grace to meet everything of this kind in a Christian spirit. It is a blessed thing to learn with readiness the lesson which the aged must learn—"He must increase, but I must decrease." May our hearts be so filled with that charity which "hoped all things," that we may consider that there may be very good reasons for that which appears to us unbrotherly. It will be well for us to remember that we cannot perceive a decline in our mental faculties which others can plainly see; and if we should be neglected and forgotten by any, yet while we remain in the path of duty, "the Lord thinketh upon us," and He "is not unrighteous to forget" what little we have done for His cause.

6. If want of health or opportunity or invitation prevent some of us from preaching as often as we wish, there are many other ways of cultivating Immanuel's land. In the class-meeting, in the prayer-meeting, and in personal conversation, we may sow the good seed, remembering the promise, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." A pious woman, more than seventy years old, often looks back, sixty years, to the time when a minister, whose voice had failed, so that he could only whisper, would speak to the school-children (as he passed them on the road) about seeking the salvation of their souls.

There are a few of our number who are blessed, not only with competence for their own families, but also with the means of relieving want and spreading the Gospel at home and in foreign lands. They, as well as all others, should remember they are stewards of the gold and silver which belong to God; and the poorest of us may give our two mites to the cause of God and humanity, and thank God for the privilege.

7. My dear brother, if you are too feeble to preach, can you not now and then write a short religious letter to some old friend or some young brother in the ministry? A few years since, an aged, superannuated minister wrote a few lines to a young man who had just entered the Lord's vineyard, which led him to adopt measures that resulted in a gracious revival in the midst of summer. And I will just here note that I have heard, this day, that this same brother is favored with a gracious work in his present charge, where the number of communicants has increased from not more than one hundred to about two hundred and eighty-five in about eight months. And those who can do nothing more can help mightily by their prayers.

8. Probably those of us who are old can recollect that in our early ministry we occasionally saw mistakes made by some good, aged ministers. Let us guard against similar mistakes in our course, now that we are advanced in years. And it will be well for us to consider that those who suffer the most, and toll the hardest for the Lord (other things being equal) may shine the brightest among those who have turned many to righteousness, when they enter the kingdom, through the merits of the Atoning Lamb.

9. I do not envy the lot of our ministers of the present day because their fields of labor are less extensive, and their journeyings less laborious than mine was fifty years ago. A minister who labors with all his might, even in a small field and with favorable surroundings, works as hard as I did under very different circumstances. He toils as diligently as he can, and I could do no more. The difference is more in the kind than in the degree of labor; and the day is not far distant when the laborers of former years and those of later days shall together bow before the throne of the Holy One, and say "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, O Lord," we "give glory."

## STEWARDS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

We think there is not another body of laymen within the Methodist Church whose duties are as important as those of the Board of Stewards. It would seem that this fact was recognized in the provision made in the Discipline for their creation. The qualifications required in a steward are of no common grade; neither can their election to the office be hastily or carelessly done. A young, immature pastor can make a class-leader at his option, and without consultation, but it requires the deliberate and concurrent action of a Quarterly Conference to create a steward. First, the pastor nominates; then the Presiding Elder (if he performs his duty in the premises), before submitting the nomination for the action of the Conference, inquires particularly as to the qualifications of the nominee, and his fitness for the office. Such was the invariable practice of that model Presiding Elder, the venerable B. Othman, when presiding in Quarterly Conference at the election of stewards. If the information thus obtained is satisfactory, the candidate is then offered for the suffrages of those who are supposed to be acquainted with him. If these steps are taken prayerfully, in the fear of God, and with a sincere feeling of responsibility, the choice will seldom be a poor one.

The duties, also, of a board of stewards are various and important, and most directly and vitally connected with the best interests of the Church. Much, very much, of the prosperity of a Church depends upon them. Are they slack, careless or indifferent, everything runs to disorder; and, on the contrary, we think a Church seldom runs down which is favored with a good, energetic board of stewards; their spirit permeates and is felt through every department. As their duties are important, so the power with which they are invested is commensurate, as it should be. Such was the emphatic desire of the authority above quoted, in a case in which the stewards were complained of in a Quarterly Conference for exercising power not belonging to them. He sustained the stewards entirely, and, at the same time, bestowed high praise upon them for their energetic action.

In the financial department their duties are akin to those of the secretary of the treasury. They are to originate, recommend, and, as far as possible, put into successful operation those measures necessary for the successful running of the Church, and on them that burden mainly rests.

There are other duties appertaining to their office, of an important character. They are the pastor's official counselors, as well as his supervisors in his pastoral position, to suggest to him whatever they consider wrong or capable of improvement. There are also, as specified in the Discipline, requiring good ability as well as Christian integrity.

From the above considerations it is apparent that the board of stewards should be so constituted as to be able to act with harmony and in concert; pursuing the same policy, holding the same views, and being able to bring their undivided influence on any question involving their action. The pastor should consult with them in regard to his nominations. If, in their number, there unfortunately should be one who is unsuitable, one who is narrow-minded, ignorant, stubborn, and with little piety, at a suitable time and place some one else should be chosen to fill his place. In the election of stewards it would be well to resort to the ballot.

Such a board of stewards as is here indicated would be a power in any Church when acting as a body, and they would meet with attention, not only from the pastor and the society, but also from the higher Church authorities. Let such a body of men be deeply imbued with the Holy Ghost, and with that wisdom that is from above, and any Church would be comparatively safe under their influence by the blessing of God.

AN EX-CLASS-LEADER.

Profoundest desolations occur in life's ascending scale, whose last note (touched by the death-angel) grows into heavenly sweetness, and is mingled in eternal harmony.

## QUERIES.

BY ALICE ALLEN.

The article in the HERALD of July 6th, entitled "The Faith that Overcomes," suggested, among others, the following questions:—

Did God ever "ordain" human suffering in any form? Is it not the result of permitted evil—the problem of which is as old as Eden, and never yet fully solved?

Because the Author of faith does, in some instances, inspire the prayer which results in the recovery of the sick; because there are invalids who cease to be such when imbued with sufficient confidence in their own power, must we believe that all similarly afflicted can be thus restored?

Does not God sometimes permit seemingly mysterious suffering in order to show the wonders of His grace, proving it to be one of the "all things?" May not the instance in question be of this class? Is it not a fresh commentary on "My grace is sufficient for thee?" Even Pauline faith did not effect the removal of the thorn in the flesh; but it did obtain needed grace, and may not more grace cause this invalid to be far less of a sufferer than many with better physical health, and also occasion the accomplishment of good (both in degree and kind) which would not otherwise be?

Her affliction may yet be removed; but wherein are we justified in believing that lack of faith or will is the cause of its not having been done in the past? Does not the lady, whose letter is so largely quoted, say that the Lord Jesus showed her the way to overcome her disease? Is He a respecter of persons? Is there not every evidence that this invalid lives so near Him that she would catch the faintest whisperings of the Spirit? And if those motions were unheeded, would there be increasing nearness of communion, as there evidently is? Would not the loving Father be more ready to suggest to His obedient, trusting child that deliverance from pain could be hers (if that were true), than one who never saw her? Is humanity more deeply moved by the recital of woes than divinity by beholding them?

The lady already referred to, says she does not "propose to die by the rack." She may not, but has she the promise of exemption? The martyrs of old did not "propose" dungeons, darkness or fiery flames, but their persecutors did, and God permitted it, and caused more good to be the result than life and liberty would have gained—recompensing them by the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

While we should seek to fully apprehend all our privileges under the Gospel, must we not conclude that suffering is one of the agents used in the perfecting of the saints and the salvation of the world?

## THE SILVER BELLS.

In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel tree there grow melodious blossoms; sweeter bells than those which mingle with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest; holy feelings, heaven-taught joys; and when the wind bloweth where he listeth, the south wind waking, when the Holy Spirit breathes upon that soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, where gentle tones and joyful echoes are wafted through the recesses of the soul. Not easily explained to others, and too ethereal to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward; the lull of sinful passions, itself ecstatic music; an exulting sense of the security of the well-ordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness, and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to say, "Abba, Father;" all the delightful feeling which the Spirit of God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost."—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

The autobiography of Harriet Martineau will be published the coming autumn, accompanied by a memoir from her intimate friend, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, of Weymouth. Her extraordinary range of literary and philanthropic activity; her comprehensive knowledge of the social, industrial, political, literary, and religious movements of the last half-century; her large acquaintance with the distinguished men and women of the time; and the utter sincerity and frankness with which she treated every question and person, cannot fail to render the story of her life exceptionally interesting.

NEW MUSIC BY O. DITSON & CO.—Vocal—"Come to the Heart that is thine," from "Evangeline," by Rice; "My Heart still lingers here," by Geary; "Who'll Rose of Ten when I am Gone?" by Pratt; "Rose of Tennessee," by H. P. Danks; "That was Long Ago," by Wrighton; "Coquetting Blue Eyes," by Miers; "Happy Days," by Diehl; "Hayes and Wheeler Campaign Song," by Thompson; "Hayes and Wheeler Hurrah!" by Perkins; "The Old Journal," by Gabriel; Instrumental—"101 March," by Faust; "Our Regiment," quick march, by Knight; "La Petite Marie Polka," by Leocory; "Spinning-wheel Stories," by Knight; "Yorpe in the Moon," by Aronson; "Chasing the Deer," by Knight; "Queen Mab's Ride," by Knight; "Light Spring," by Meyer; "Sal On!" by Knight.

## RELIGIOUS.

The New Jerusalem Church has about 100 places of worship in the United States.

It is rumored in London that Father Hyacinthe is about to enter the Church of England.

The Swiss National Catholic Church dispenses with celibacy as an essential of the clerical office.

The Wesleyan connection in England report an increase during the past year of 11,250 members.

One thousand and fifty-two new members have been added to Dr. Talmage's tabernacle, Brooklyn, within a year.

The first church in Charlestown (Mass.), organized in 1632, is the oldest Orthodox Congregational church in the country.

Survey Chapel, now left by Newman Hall's congregation, has passed into the hands of the Primitive Methodists.

The superintendent of the Methodist Missions among the Cubans of Key West reports fifty-two conversions as the result of a revival.

The National Conference of the Unitarians, which meets biennially, will be held in Saratoga, September 12.

A very large number of Jews have been in attendance at the Fulton street prayer-meeting for some time past, and have borne quite a prominent and intelligent part in the services.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has 3,140 ministers, and 278,092 members.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts reports the number of confirmations for this year at 1,312, a larger number than ever recorded in that diocese.

Rev. T. A. Vaudray, a Catholic priest, of New Orleans, has married, and is sustained by 500 people of his parish.

The Southern Presbyterian Church reports for 1876, 12 synods, 66 presbyteries, 1,824 churches, 1,079 ministers, 5,415 elders, 112,181 communicants, and 22,230 baptized non-communicants.

The Marquis of Lorne, who married the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, is a lay preacher. He often preaches in public halls and school houses, and the poor people hear him gladly.

The average age of the sixty-two Congregational ministers who died in 1875 was sixty-two years and three months; average ministerial service, thirty-one years, five months.

The Presbyterian Mission Press at Shanghai, China, issued in 1874, forty-three million pages, and in 1875 over twenty-nine millions. It has, besides, printed the dictionaries of Dr. Williams and Dr. Hepburn.

The Church Missionary Society propose to appoint qualified natives from the interior of Africa, for Christian labor among the 50,000 Mohammedan traders who yearly visit Sierra Leone and Lagos on the coast.

An interest is being developed in Europe on the Sunday question. A conference is to be held in Geneva, where reports will be made from every country, and two popular conferences will be held in France and Germany.

As an indication of the progress ritualism is making in England, it is stated that vestments are worn in 211 churches, in 715 candles are placed on the altar, and in 370 instances the candles are lighted at the celebration of the Eucharist.

The late Mr. E. T. Kirk, a veteran Methodist layman, of Lafayette, Ohio, left the noble estate of \$40,000 for the benefit of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Russian government will allow no Protestant mission to be established within its dominions. Since 1824 six such missions have been opened, but have been broken up.

There are now 1,040 Sunday-schools in France, against 200 twenty years ago. Paris has 85 Sunday-schools, with 500 teachers and 7,000 scholars.

The Catholics, having received large indemnities from the Chinese government for property possessed by them two hundred years ago, and confiscated at their expulsion, are building a magnificent cathedral at Canton, and a smaller one at Peking.

The fund for supplying an annuity to English Baptist ministers who retire from office on account of age or ill health, and for the widows and families of deceased Baptist ministers, has made a satisfactory start in London. Thirty-two thousand dollars have been pledged so far.

The Baptists of Washington are making an effort to raise \$50,000 for the endowment of a Western Institute (colored). The sum of \$20,000 has been bequeathed to found a ladies' department, on condition that \$20,000 shall be added to it. A legacy of \$12,000 has been made, to go to the Institute if shall be permanently established.

It is proposed to make the northwestern tower of the nave of the cathedral at Bristol, Eng., a memorial to Bishop Butler, the author of "The Analogy," and the work of restoring it is now going on. Chancellor Pruyn, of Albany, has been requested to aid in collecting contributions in this country for the purpose, and he has issued a circular asking for subscriptions.

William A. Moore, a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., offers a prize of \$200 for the best tract on "The Nature, Design, and Proper Observance of the Sabbath." The tract must not exceed in length the little tract volumes known as "Come to Jesus," and "Call to Prayer."

The standing committee of the B. Y. M. C. A. protest against Sunday concerts on the Common, believing them to be "contrary to the desire of a large body of the taxpayers, inconsistent with the devout spirit of the founders of this city, and a dangerous innovation upon the sanctity of a day which it has been the glory of this city and Commonwealth to keep for the special worship of Almighty God."

Six Christian men gave to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church last year the sum of \$66,000. It was given in portions varying from \$5,000 to \$8,000, \$10,000, \$20,000 by two, and \$23,000. On the other hand, it is reported that a day-laborer gave, year after year, the largest donation received from a strong congregation. The "rich and the poor meet together," in the work of the Lord.

New Zealand has a Sunday-school Union. At the annual meeting of the London Union this far-off adjunct reported 58 schools in its fellowship—being a gain of 18 in one year. Their officers say: "The Sunday-schools have been a great blessing to the land, especially in the gold-fields which have been opened up. Wherever a gold-field has been opened, a mission has been established."

Another victim has been added to the rapidly lengthening line of sufferers for the Gospel in Mexico. Rev. Mr. Phillips, of the Presbyterian mission, on proposing to preach in Queretaro, was attacked by a mob. He was pursued into the church, where with twenty wounds, from which it is doubtful whether he will recover.



The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

A VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY.

Rev. John W. Butler, of our Mexican Mission, encloses to us the following translation of an article which appeared in the *Monitor Republicano* last April:—

"I wish to speak to you of a visit which I paid to an establishment of benevolence, which is almost entirely unknown in our city, and which, notwithstanding, is a true temple to charity in one of our most beautiful manifestations.

"In the Calle de Gante, the Protestants have a dedicated church on the same ground which the great court of San Francisco formerly occupied, and which was afterward the circus of Chariot. Above this church is established an orphanage which we must call a model. Only girls of tender years are admitted there, and the condition is that they be orphans of father and mother, and have no other means of support; so that the orphanage provides for one of the greatest, most important, and yet poetical of calamities, because it receives, feeds and instructs weak beings who, as yet, had scarcely taken their first step in the world, and who fell into the blackest of misfortunes, into abandonment and misery. There are, at present, thirty-five girls in this place who are being educated with splendid care. They have large and cheerful dormitories, a perfectly ordered school, rooms for recreation and baths; nothing is lacking to contribute to those poor little creatures something of the warmth of maternal affection of which fatality so early robbed them.

"Two American ladies have the care of the orphanage, and are the teachers, the friends, and the mothers of the pupils; their manners of pleasurable distinction, their sweet characters, and their elegant style, all made us think of those angels which the poets have painted around the sublime of virtues, charity. We, who venerate ideas, who respect beliefs, we bless benevolence wherever we find it. This establishment should be respected, because under its roof dwells that virtue which takes pity on the unfortunate. Blessed be they! Oh, yes; blessed be the religions that bring among their dogmas that sublime precept of the Decalogue—condemnation of all legislations, golden dream of all people—Love thy neighbor!

In the school of the Calle de Gante, the instruction given is that instruction that has made the Republic of the north great among the greatest nations. Their text-books are superb; their methods magnificent; the whole is ordered with intelligence and aptitude. The directors inculcate in the pupils, first, love to God; next, love to their country. The first is ever set before them in pictures, in engravings, in figures which everywhere represent to them the acts of Scripture; the latter, the portraits of Hidalgo, of Guerrero, of Juarez, adorn the walls of the large dining-room, to bring to the minds of these girls that two-foldness which arises in the heart of man as the base of all affections—God and their country. Those poor little creatures are contented, and live happily in their home, because there are those who extend them their loving hands, to make them forget the helplessness which is over them, filling with clouds the horizon of their future.

"This house is under the direction of Dr. Butler, a Protestant missionary superintendent of the Methodist sect. We have only lately had the honor of making his acquaintance. This gentleman has truly prepared here a palace to charity; he must have a golden heart, a soul where all virtues dwell. His son, his wife and his daughter, all help him in his holy mission as well as the respected ladies who have charge of the children. With the sincerest pleasure, we make known to society these persons—true apostles of virtue; and we believe we interpret the sentiments of our fellow-countrymen when we say to them with ardor: Thanks, a thousand thanks! All these orphans who will, some day, owe you their future, will remember you with grateful tenderness, saying from the depths of their souls, 'Blessed are ye!'"

CHURCH EXTENSION COLLECTIONS—AN EARNEST APPEAL.

BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

We are well on in another Conference year. The time for the fall Conference is at hand. It is to be feared that many pastors have not yet taken their Church Extension collection. Last year more than one-third of the number took none, and the collections fell largely below those of the previous year. Will not every pastor present this cause earnestly for the contributions of his people? As indicating the class of cases we ask you to aid, take the following, received by a single mail. We repeat the appeals in briefest outline.

From one of our colored pastors: "I have just arrived on my field of labor, and met our congregation in their little tent—the only place of worship they had. Our people are very poor, and unable to build a Church. They don't know what to do. If you can donate \$500 we could get a lot and build a church good enough for them."

Another from the West from a brother well-known in New England and Iowa. He says: "When I went there three years ago, there had never been a sermon preached in the place, and they had fourteen liquor shops, with a pop-

ulation in the village of less than two hundred. I have held on in the name of the Lord. We have held our meetings in nine different places, and have now about sixty members. One of our first converts was a physician—a man of rare ability, but a drunkard. He has been a noble Christian for more than two years, and is now an earnest and acceptable local preacher. Another, a lawyer, a brilliant young man, with a University education, but was a drunkard. He is now clothed and in his right mind. A little help now, will give us a self-supporting Church, which will, in a little while, aid other Churches, but we cannot build without help."

Another from an old preacher of the Pittsburgh Conference, now in western Kansas: "We are trying to build a Church in this place. The membership is thirty; the Sunday-school eighty. The people are poor, and you know the calamities that have befallen this country for the last two years. With \$300 or \$400 we can build a good church, but can do nothing without aid. I know the necessities of this country, and do not see how they can be greater in any other place. Please do what you can for this needy, suffering people."

Every one of these cases would be very liberally aided if directly presented to any congregation, but the Church has ordered that their appeals shall come from the Board of Church Extension, and that every pastor shall take a collection once a year to aid them. Please, brethren, fellow-laborers in the bonds of the Gospel, lay this cause earnestly before your people, and enable the board to respond as it should to all truly needy and deserving applicants.

MEDLEY XXV.

"Dazed, distraught and conquered" are the words which E. D. Winslow uses in the letters to Dr. Ingalls, as published to the world on a Sunday morning, when, in the narrative, he assays to let the reader understand—no, misunderstand—something concerning the only wrong he ever did. Webster's unabridged can hardly be expected to make clear what the writer designed to obscure. Nor is it probable that many will have patience to look at the wanderer's case at this date, and with him so far removed, sufficiently to think otherwise of him than as a good man under a cloud. Indeed, he tells us that he has reason to doubt whether by him the one wrong was done. The parading of good men's names and support before the world, however, by one whose career is so eventful, suggests that they may need to look a little to their laurels, if not to the support given; for, the wanderer and his supporters to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are some who have feared that all was wrong from the beginning. The barely gaining of a suit in a civil court cannot satisfy those who have remembered the bravado words by which this man of smartness was tied over bars into Conference so often as successive acts of questionable character have come to the surface, including army, navy, Sunday printing, skating-rink, meeting-house, astride divers political horses at once, etc. Nor will it help to relieve us that he should have preached fully three years in eight without pay, when we consider how much was secured by double pay and lucrative position to a comparatively young man, by the support and kindly offices of unsolicited friendship—all because his supporters discerned pre-eminent ability, and the people wanted it. Let the pen stay with the suggestion, that it may be a better way that people be like faithful priests rather than priests like ingenuities.

Prohibition again—the canvas before us. How mortifying that electors will not rally to the support of the right in a moral issue! that one after another of nominees should decline to stand shoulder to shoulder with John I. Baker! In the letters that some have written it is made clearer to appear, that their habit of talking one way and acting another, contracted in early life, adheres to them still. These men, doubtless, talked that they might attain place and to keep it. When electors shall go to the polls and reject men in office who have acted falsely, and elevate only those who act truly in humble places, something will be done for man, not everything for lucre. The Prohibition nominee for governor is a tower of strength in this regard. Words should be spoken for him in every city, town and hamlet. Prohibitionists should call meetings in their own interests, speaking for Hayes and Wheeler, or for Tilden and Hendricks, as they please, but speaking so strongly for Baker and prohibition. In this way it will appear that they are in earnest, and it will, moreover, be practicable to return a Prohibition legislature. Failure to do this will leave them to grind in the prison-house of drink-drinking, subject to the abuse would be heaped upon the good and true.

How not to do it. One is frequently made to think that the study of many intrusted with work is to this end rather than for its accomplishment. "Go, preach My Gospel," saith the Lord. Thousands of men are united in Conferences under Methodist economy, with thousands more in local relation, that the Gospel may be preached by them with greater efficiency than it otherwise would be. Some remember when the traveling men went everywhere preaching. The freedom or hospitality of homes were theirs to this end. Every pulpit was open that they might be heard—"I said days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Where God was pleased most to prosper, thither went more laborers; and it was the prerogative of

those who came to direct for the time being those who were local. How now? The most prospered find a way to excuse the laborer, or rather to excuse themselves from opening to him the way to a hearing, and keep closed to all but a few preferred men the places sacred to preaching; those for whom some claim the sole prerogative to appoint to fields of labor neglect to send forth the laborers in their hands, while the appointees not infrequently go elsewhere, or going are seen to abide in silence whither they come. Said one recently in the hearing of another people than his own, in substance, "My way to the pulpit of a late charge was often hedged by children escaping from Sunday-school with their superintendent, who had held them an hour and a half, and was their sole religious (?) guide." This may be seen in many a charge; and we grow no better. It is time to begin anew. It will be well if we can return to the old-time practice of preaching to children and adults, from house to house, no less than in the pulpit; if men called of God to this duty, and upon whom He, and not man, has put honor, may once more have audience while they speak "all the words of this life."

Fifty odd years ago, in a small, rural town in old Essex, there stood, where four ways met, "the house of God" where all the people came to worship. The farm-house of their minister was nearly opposite. Here first impressions of divine worship were received. Sunday was sacred to the service; there we heard of heaven, and there was pointed the way. The mother of two boys yielded to the power which there touched her heart, and she entered upon the narrow path. Then came to her heart-strings this first of our religious teachers, preliminaries were arranged, and that mother was thereafter "of the standing order," in different localities witnessing by an exemplary life for her Lord until He received her to Himself. The impressions thus made in childhood are the most valued of all that remains to one who begins himself to look whether the gate is ajar, that he may enter where the mother passed. He feels the upward pull, and he does the boy's kites, and he is sure it is well with that mother. Blessed forever be the Author of salvation for that house of God, that minister, that mother! Mothers, like Christians, take the children with you to worship, to the minister of the Lord Jesus, to heaven.

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

Four months in Wilbraham have convinced us that this location is well adapted for an academy; that the buildings are attractive and imposing as well as substantial and serviceable; that the fresh air, good food, inviting walks, a large campus and comfortable rooms provide well for the health of the students; that the instructors are not only admirably well qualified intellectually, but are fitted morally and spiritually to train young men and women. Thus far we have but reiterated what has been better said by others. To promote the spiritual prosperity of the school by securing the cooperation of parents, preachers and the students themselves, is our purpose in writing this. There is no human calculation of the results depending upon the spiritual condition of an academy where hundreds spend many months of that period of their lives in which life-choices are made, and habits are becoming fixed.

Will those who expect to come to Wilbraham this fall, please bring their Church letters with them, and come with prayer and determination by God's grace to live for Christ. You will need to watch and pray here as everywhere, and unless you work for Christ you will surely backslide. May the Lord bless you in your coming! Will friends, and especially pastors, please suggest these things to those who come, and exhort them to place themselves firmly, though humbly, on the Lord's side at the very beginning? And will you also take the pains to send such information concerning their spiritual standing and needs to the principal or myself as shall enable us the sooner to understand how we can help them? Will all who are bound to Wilbraham by pleasant and grateful memories, or by other ties of interest, not forget to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this school the coming months? This the school greatly needs, and will need for. For this we devoutly pray! W. T. PERRY, Preacher in charge.

MEMORIZED SERMONS.

Rev. E. M. Dunham, in his essay on "The True Style of Popular Preaching," some time since published in the *HERALD*, says: "And here I venture the remark that nearly all, if not all, of the so-called extemporaneous sermons are at the present day, at least, more or less, recitations from memory." Though the brother intimates that this is by no means any way to do, "I venture the remark" that "nearly all, if not quite all, of the so-called extemporaneous sermons" that are good for anything are thus more or less "recitations from memory." Of course it does not follow that the sermon is to be written out, and then carefully conned and memorized school-boy fashion. A well-disciplined mind can easily memorize mentally; and by the time his thoughts have been clearly, systematically arranged and developed, they will have taken to themselves words that become so fixed in the memory that without conscious effort they will be readily recalled at the moment of delivery. Why is it that by frequent repetition, a preacher acquires augmented power

with a sermon? Not simply because his thoughts are more clearly conceived and more effectively arranged, but because he thereby becomes familiar with the most effective forms of expression.

There are a few lines of thought with which every preacher, as the result of constant thinking and talking thereabout, is sufficiently familiar to always speak effectively about, regardless of previous study of his language; but it is a piece of superlative folly, in my judgment, to presume that, as a general thing, no special study or care is necessary to effectively embody the ideas to be communicated from the pulpit.

R. H. H.

RICHMOND CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced Monday, Aug. 7th, and closed Saturday, Aug. 12. The ground affords as many attractions for a religious meeting as most any that can be selected. It is easy of access by rail and by water; the shade is excellent, and yearly improving; the water is pure, cool and abundant; and it is well removed from any city or village.

The boarding-house, in all its appointments, would have done honor to any association. Some of our ministers could hardly accept the discount proffered us, with a clear conscience. Mr. J. E. Fuller, of Augusta, was the enterer, and is entitled to very much credit, as it was his enterprise.

The attendance was not large; but yet I think larger than last year. And when the hot weather, and the fact that the State meeting is to be held in the same place next week, and also that an international temperance meeting was in full blast at Old Orchard, are taken into account, I am sure the attendance was encouraging. Rev. E. Martin, Presiding Elder of Gardner District, had charge of the meeting; and it is a very mild statement to say that he possesses a rare combination of gifts and grace for the management of a camp-meeting. The pastors of the Churches located in the Kennebec valley were all on the ground and in working order; and numbers from other parts, also. Eight members of the "Lynn Praying Band" were present, and under the lead of Brother Riley, they did grand service for the Master, especially in the altar work.

It was the general opinion that the preaching was of a higher order than we often hear, even at camp-meetings. It was uniformly good. The sermons showed careful preparation, and were delivered with great unction and power.

The following brethren preached, in the following order: A. S. Ladd from "Mighty to save." D. W. Le Lachur from "Nevertheless I live," etc.; P. Chandler from Ezekiel xxiv, 25, 26 (a good camp-meeting text); R. Sanderson—"For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ," etc.; E. T. Adams—"Come; for all things are now ready;" W. S. Jones—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" J. F. Hutchins—"To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden manna," etc.; F. Grover—"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost," etc.; L. H. Bean—"Peace I leave with you," etc.; A. R. Sylvester—"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," etc.

The first meeting was a social meeting, and the key-note was consecration, faith and personal effort. Several evenings the services were entirely under the control of the "Band," as was also the last service on Saturday morning. One excellent feature of their work was this: They went with the pastors and others through the congregation asking the unconverted to come to the altar, and to Christ. The love-feast was held Friday morning, and the testimonies were full of spiritual life. Very many said "this has been the best camp-meeting that I ever attended." Numbers of the unconverted and backslidden went forward for prayers; and again and again God's people came to the altar to receive a new anointing.

One incident of the meeting I must mention, hoping that others will follow our example. Brother Martin stated the case of Rev. John Bean, a local preacher residing in Lincolnville, Me., who is suffering and dying with a cancer on his tongue, and who is a pious, nearly four dollars were put into the subscriber's hands for his benefit. It is a peculiarly distressing and touching case. Cannot offerings be received for him at all our camp-meetings in the State?

If this report was not becoming too lengthy, I should like to speak of the great pains by the local committee to make everybody comfortable and happy; of the excellent police force, etc.; but let everybody who can be sure and come next year and see for themselves.

A. S. LADD, Secretary.

The veteran poet and editor, Mr. Bryant, has forbidden the use of the following words by the writers for his paper, the *New York Evening Post*: Bogus, authore, poetess, collided, debut, donate, donation, loafer, located, ovation, predicate upon, progressing, pants (noun), rowdies, rough, secesh, osculate (for kiss), endorse (for approve), lady (for wife), jubilant (for rejoicing), bagging (for capturing), loaned (for lent), posted (for informed), realized (for obtained).

Sin's IMPRESS.—Every sin makes a stain upon the soul. A secret sin is committed. No one has seen it. No visible consequence has followed it. The sinner may think it is all over. But not so. It is not only recorded in the book of God's remembrance, but it is imprinted on the soul.—Guide to Holiness.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Aug. 22, 1876.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$3.00 @ 3.20; extra, \$4.25 @ 4.75; Michigan, \$4.75 @ 5.25; St. Louis, \$4.25 @ 4.75; Southern Flour, \$4.25 @ 4.50. CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 20c @ 22c. OATS—Mixed, 12c @ 14c. RYE—\$2.00 @ 2.25. SHORTS—\$1.00 @ 1.25. FINE FEED—\$17.00 @ 18.00. FEED—Timothy and Grass, \$1.00 @ 1.25. Red Top, \$1.25 @ 1.50 per bag. R. I. Beet, \$1.00 @ 1.25. Clover, 18c @ 20c. HAY—14 @ 15c. BUTTER—24 @ 26c. CHEESE—Factory, 10 @ 12c. EGGS—12 @ 13c. HAT—\$1.00 @ 1.50. POTATOES—Extra, \$1.25 @ 1.50; medium, \$1.00 @ 1.25. PEAS—20 @ 22c. TURNIPS—50 @ 60c. BEANS—50 @ 60c. CARROTS—50 @ 60c. MARROW SQUASH—30 @ 40c. DRIED APPLES—10 @ 12c. ONIONS—50 @ 60c. WHOLEBERRIES—10 @ 12c. PEACHES—70c @ \$1.00 per basket. REMARKS.—The demand for Pork and Beef is fair. The sales of Flour have been steady but moderate. There is a firm market for all choice grades of Butter, but the demand for all other kinds has been moderate. Peaches have been arriving freely.

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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1876.

To preach the whole Gospel often requires a higher kind of courage than to face an enemy on the battle-field. The latter depends on physical qualities; the former requires that high moral tone which can come only from communion with God and faith in his Word. In the prosecution of his work, the preacher has to utter some severe truths. He tells of sin and its punishment; of the way of evil men and the end to which it leads. The chief difficulty, however, does not arise from dealing with sin in the abstract, but with those various concrete forms which it assumes around him. Sin becomes a personal interest. To touch that particular sin is to touch men who have become fortified behind this interest. The preacher is the attacking party, and he finds the enemy behind his works. In this state of the case, sin only requires to be left alone, and presumes the clergyman will be too polite to be personal or to meddle with other people's business. But what shall he do? He is under bonds to speak the whole truth.

"We have," says John Wesley, "a loose, man-pleasing temper, so that we let people perish rather than lose their love; we let them go quietly to hell lest we should offend them. Some of us have a foolish bashfulness. We know not how to begin, and blush to contradict the devil."

How can one contradict him when he is so polite, and asks only that we let him alone? How can one rebuke so courteous a devil? And yet he needs to know the whole truth. The preacher must utter it. Rebuke him and he will respect your message.

In the old California days, it fell to the lot of Rev. William Roberts, our missionary in Oregon, to preach in San Francisco. The house where the different denominations met together, was thronged with gamblers, with which the city then abounded. The Baptist brother who spoke before him, very naturally softened his message in such a presence; but when Roberts arose he discharged a broadside upon the class then before him. The hat collection which followed contained a hundred-dollar gold package with this sentiment attached: "This is for Mr. Roberts because he gave it to the gamblers;" and was signed by the chief gambler of the Pacific coast. Men know the preacher has the right, and ought to be bold, and will respect him when he plays a brave part.

To know how to rebuke current sin is, with the minister, a great art; and is often more effective in saving men than a thousand well-turned sermons on the sins of Joppa and Jerusalem. The home thrust is what is needed.

The Pilot contains a full and quite dramatic account of the ineffectual efforts of a father, Owen Martin by name, to recover a daughter who was placed in the Industrial School at Lancaster, Mass., in 1872. All subjects committed to this institution are, by law, retained under the guardianship of its trustees during their minority. This the father did not understand, and was afflicted when he found he could not recall her at his pleasure. After a time she was indentured. Ultimately the name of the family where she lived was given, and the father corresponded with her and sent her presents. Last spring she completed her minority. The State Board had thought it inexpedient to break the indentures of the child and return her to her father, as she was happy, in a good family, and doing well. In this time the girl had become quite pronounced in her opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, and when she returned to her father, now being of age to choose for herself, she refused to attend the Church of her childhood, much to her father's grief. After a time she left her home, special effort having been put forth meanwhile by Father Scully, the family priest, to win her back to her former belief, apparently with some success. The father discovered, after some search, that the girl had found refuge in a Protestant institution, and had been aided to reach it by one of the State officials who had already been much interested in the case. The father is still pursuing the matter with such legal and moral measures as he can command. We refer to the case as a representative one, and one that we must honestly and wisely consider. The State has no more right to make Protestants out of its helpless children than Catholics. The Protestant world was convulsed by the efforts of the Roman Church in Italy to remove two children from the custody of their parents and to make Romanists of them.

We must not be guilty of the same offense. In public, reformatory institutions, supported by the State, we may teach morals and religion; but we have no right to prejudice a child against any form of Christian faith. In placing a child in families, from State custody, we have no right to discriminate against any religious sentiments, if everything besides about the family is wholesome. If the home of the child is such that she can safely be returned to its care again, the family relation should not be arbitrarily broken. When chaplain of such an institution in another State, and a little Irish boy was placed in the family of an Episcopal clergyman, the little fellow, through the persuasion of the lady he found in the town, expressed a desire to go to the Catholic Church. We then advised his master and mistress by all means to permit him to do so, but we wrote at the same time to the parish priest, informed him of the facts, and told him we should hold him responsible for the moral care of the little lad. And he did take excellent supervision of him, satisfying the family where he lived. We must do to others, as we demand that they shall do to us under similar circumstances. A Catholic family starts back with the same horror from the perversion, as they esteem it, of a child from its paternal faith that a Protestant father and mother feel. Duty never requires injustice.

The Catholic Review contains a remarkable opinion from a Protestant school teacher in the State of New York, who thinks "public schools are certainly better, very much better than no schools at all (!)" but solemnly intimates that she does not think them "the best schools for boys or girls." She has, it seems, in her grave dilemma, taken a "highly educated" Methodist minister's wife into her confidence. From this remarkable woman, who must be an ornament to the circle in which she moves, she learned that it had been her (the minister's wife's) intention to have sent her only daughter, if she had lived, to a Catholic convent to be educated. To the exclamation of surprise on the part of the astonished teacher, she added the very sagacious and Christian response, "Why, of course, they make good scholars, and then they make such perfect ladies of them!" Of course there was nothing more to be said, and the Protestant teacher had discovered the "best place" to educate boys and girls! Conventional schools teach French and music often, admirably; and they do teach ease and grace of motion, and a becoming modesty of manners. This about exhausts the curriculum, and how small a portion of a woman's mind and character are developed when this end is gained? And what is the usual result upon the after life of this conventional education? This Protestant teacher proposes to visit a number of these conventional schools and to lay the results of her investigations before the public. We hope she will take the Methodist minister's wife with her, and, perhaps, it might not be injudicious to leave her in one of them, for a few years at least; it would make such a "perfect lady" of her! If we could have a full, clear and authentic report of these conventional schools—their statistics, nationalities, courses of study, religious training, etc., it would be a welcome work. We really hope this Protestant teacher will undertake it!

How little do we apprehend the wonderful character of some of the latest discoveries in the physical sciences, until some marked event, like a gleam of lightning, discloses their full significance. A terrible railroad accident happened a few weeks since on the Great Western railway in England. Less than twenty-four hours after it happened, a gentleman in London received a telegram from a friend traveling in this country who heard the news, flashed by the telegraph, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The latter gentleman knew that his children would be traveling about that time over that line of railroad. The terrible casualty filled him with anxiety, and he telegraphed to his friend in London at once to learn of their condition. Only a few hours later, and his agitation was entirely set at rest by another lightning flash from his home. How wonderful is this! "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet!"

Just now there is a demand for professional scholarship on the part of our educated women, which it is somewhat difficult to fill. The establishment of two or three full collegiate institutions for women, and the introduction of lady professors in some of our mixed colleges, have created a call for accomplished female professors in the languages, mathematics and sciences, that is not so readily met as might be expected from the crowd of applicants for positions in the lower branches of instruction. The ladies that secure for themselves, at an early day, a thorough collegiate education, and by post-graduate study and professional reading, carefully fit themselves for a chair in a college or university faculty, will find a ready, broad and increasing field before them of usefulness and remunerative activity.

## COLLEGE RECREATIONS.

Considerable newspaper comment has been devoted to the reported intention of an honored New England College President, of the Orthodox branch of the Church, that he hoped some friend of the institution would make a donation to it of six billiard tables. To the surprised and somewhat grieved expressions of certain Presbyterian organs it has been responded, that wealthy members of that denomination are accustomed to have well-appointed billiard rooms in their elegant homes, and that it is much better to have such amusements under the supervision of college authorities, than to have the students seeking opportunities for such recreation in saloons and hotels about the cities, and among indiscriminate associates.

These are days of wonderful progress, and one sometimes has to catch his breath to keep in sight of the front ranks. It is quite impossible to divine what new practical conundrum in morals, manners, or modes, our modern students will propose in their zeal to soften the asperities of study with the amenities of social life. It will become, by and by, a matter of no little difficulty for our college faculties to discover how to interpolate a few lectures and fewer recitations, with a still more limited amount of study, among the varied physical exercises and social amusements becoming indispensable to a college course.

It will hardly do in these days to make even a Presbyterian family of wealth a model for the discipline of a college of youths. Many such families, otherwise of estimable characters and examples, have their sideboards and wine cellars, and habitually set wines, and even stronger liquors, upon their tables. We have hardly reached the point yet of saying, that, as some of the young men have been accustomed to have wines at home, and might be tempted to seek the indulgence at city bar-rooms, therefore it would be better to make wine and careful provision as to pure liquors and wholesome associations, for all the students, under proper supervision, at the college commons. We are not so perversely blind, or so pressed to make a point, as not to see the wide difference between cards and billiards, and wine and brandy. One form of indulgence may be entirely harmless in itself, the other never. But we use the strong illustration to show the character of the argument by which an apologetic mantle is thrown over the introduction of certain games into our institutions.

1. Neither cards nor billiards afford proper exercise or recreation for college students. There is indeed a marked difference between the games; one is sedentary and the other is not. But billiards afford only the exercise of a limited number of muscles. They are not restful games, as is not chess. They are exacting. The mind has become weary by study, and the body fatigued by its protracted condition of repose. Both need active movement in the open air. The mind must be utterly unburdened, and every muscle of the body should be vigorously moved. Bowling, boating, walking, running, and the infinite variety of movements found in a well-appointed gymnasium, afford just the rest from mental toil and recuperation required to renew intellectual vigor. Chess is as serious a study as calculus; cards may require as much attention as a Greek translation; and billiards become more absorbing than the writing of a thesis. Success in these games can only be secured by constant and thorough training; and the most dangerous of acquisitions is an acknowledged supremacy in any one of them.

2. For there is a strange fascination about them. They require great stretches of time to do ample justice to them where men become experts. Days and nights are thus expended. Where time hangs heavily upon men's hands, as with soldiers in camp and sailors at sea, an economy of time may not be important; but with students, if votive offerings are to be constantly laid before the altars of pleasure, no laurel will ever crown the young combatant in the struggle after liberal learning. We have known not a few promising expectations, as to honor, usefulness and wealth, blighted by the neglect of business or professions, through the fascination of billiards.

But the beguilement is more serious than this; the game of billiards is the favorite test of skill upon the wages of money. After a time, when the taste becomes fixed, its full gratification requires the additional excitement of chance. Hundreds, indeed, confine their playing to household or social tables, and never gamble. But how many other hundreds are constantly breaking out of these home restraints, and seeking the excitement of new victories wherever fresh competitors may offer. The long and weary hours and the wearing excitement awaken an appetite for stimulants, and thus gambling begets drunkenness, not in rare cases, but so often that it must always awaken the anxiety of a thoughtful Christian man when he sees this habit growing in strength upon a young man, and drawing him into dangerous circles for the practice of it.

Can our colleges aid in the creation of such an appetite, or open the door before such a series of tempting amusements? Shall we bring more of the world, the flesh and the devil into college, or try to keep them out as long and as largely as we may? We know of parents who have themselves been graduates of the larger institutions, where this continued invasion of a heated and unrestrained social life is being more patiently endured by the authorities, where the strictness of discipline is rapidly giving away, where the young man is expected to be his own guardian, and where the question of his scholarship, morals and piety is left to the decision of his own immature judgment, who would not, upon any consideration, submit their sons to the existing temptations of these schools. We trust some at least of the smaller colleges will not be too hasty in following such examples, even at the expense of a loss in the number of students. There are intimations, we are glad to know, of a wholesome reaction in this direction. The flush times that followed the war are happily passed. Few fathers have money now to scatter by the wayside. Expenses have rushed up, under the new social

administration of affairs in college, from an average of \$500 a year to over \$1,000, for even those that are struggling for an education. Our college doors are beginning to be barred, through these incidental expenses, against our best youths. With the increase of costly recreations and tempting amusements, Christian parents are quite inclined to call a halt, and to take counsel with each other. It certainly is not necessary to make college life any more dangerous, to awaken hesitation in many hearts as to the parental duty of exposing a youth to such perils in the pursuit of an education. We prophesy that the colleges that stand the firmest to the old foundations in morals, while the most liberal and well sustained in their educational curricula, will ere long find no lack of patronage in their halls.

## WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTETH.

An old writer says, "work for your salvation, as if works alone could save you; and believe as if faith alone can do it." Jesse Lee, in his first sermon, under the old Boston elm, expressed the idea better. If you use but one oar, he said, your boat will turn round and round in one direction; if you use only the other, it will turn only in the other direction; but put out both oars, and you will go forward on your destined course. Thus must faith and works go together in Christian life. Without faith you become a Pelagian; without works you become an Antinomian. Both characters are condemned by the universal Church as "heretics."

Notwithstanding the occasional prevalence of one or another of these heresies, the problem of the relation of faith and works is not of difficult solution to any devout student of the Bible. St. Paul seems to have delighted to discuss the subject. It was to him a sublime paradox, not a logical contradiction. He says, "work out your salvation with fear and trembling;" and yet he affirms, "by grace ye are saved through faith—not of works," etc. He denies that salvation can be by the works of the law; it is only by "the righteousness of faith;" and yet he asks, "Do we then make void the law by faith?" and replies, "God forbid; nay, we fulfill, we establish the law." Paul saw in this gracious paradox one of the chief distinctions, and most glorious facts of the evangelical system. No apostle ever taught a lofter, or more vigorous ethical system than Paul; and no great doctor of the Church ever enjoined stricter morals than Augustine, who pushed Paul's theology to extremity, and ascribed salvation totally to sovereign grace and simple faith.

Faith and works, then, are inseparable, though by faith alone we are justified; but, justified by our faith, we are to be judged by our works—for the latter are to be, in the final judgment, the attestations of the former.

Among many others, there are three reasons which may be emphasized, for the maintenance of thorough habits of work in the Christian life.

First: They promote the faith and all the graces of the Spirit by which we are saved. Faith itself must be vital, in order to be real and saving; it must have activity and energy, or it is, as St. James says, "dead." The convert who, to-day, enters upon the spiritual life by a simple act of faith, must to-morrow live out that faith, in his practical life, in good works, or he loses it, and with it all the grace which he obtained by it. "Faith works," says the Word—"works by love." And precisely here, as we have said, is one of the most sublime characteristics of the evangelical ethics, for, instead of making morality dependent on a servile "legalism," the evangelical theology conditions it on a vital, energetic principle. Good morals are thus more effectively secured than by the most rigid system of philosophic ethics, or legal morality. The man who has the most faith will always be the best Christian worker.

Second: It is thus that the work of the Church can be most effectively carried forward. God has appointed gift and anointed men, His own ambassadors, to represent and guide that work, and the specific ministerial function can never be dispensed with; but we might as well expect a battle-field to be won by a corps of generals, without common troops, as the destined victories of the Church to be achieved by its clergy alone. The great mass of God's workmen must be His common people, the mass of the Church, and a true working spirit will never pervade them without a living faith. Having the faith, unto his own personal salvation, the man of God should go right to work, at whatever his hand findeth to do, in the Church field around him; he should do the duty nearest to him, as the German maxim says, and then all other and better ones will follow in their place. He should understand that the Christian character is a sacerdotal investiture; that he is a priest unto God, and that therefore all his time, his secular business, his family belong to the Lord and the service of His Church. Not till the mass of the Church thus puts on its true sacerdotal character shall we see it marching, like an army with banners, around the world. It was thus that it marched through the Roman empire in its primitive age. To be a Christian was in that age to be a sort of evangelist, and the heathenism of the Roman fell before it.

Thirdly: A working Christian life is a happy life. God has so constituted human nature, that activity is the very law of its happiness. And in proportion as the plane of life is elevated does

its activity increase. It is probable that no life is more active than the angelic life. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" The very name, angel, means messenger. They probably never sleep, for "there is no night there." It is seldom that a very active Christian is melancholy. Active efforts for the relief of the sufferings of others, is one of the best reliefs to our own. There is, perhaps, no better remedy in the world for those vague but intolerable sufferings called by medical men hypochondria, than religious activity—not physically overdone. Benevolence is, in itself, essentially a happy thing, and when productively active, it is attended by the happiest, holiest consciousness that the human mind can possess. The moping, doubting, joyless disciple needs nothing more than a field for the energetic activity of his faith. Thus working it dispels his doubts and fears; he becomes conscious that it is real and alive within him, and has, by a blessed paradox, the "rest of faith," only in its living activity. Look around you, then, faltering child of God, and find out some mode of religious usefulness, if you enjoy your religion, and by it enjoy all life. Seize any and every opportunity. One will lead to another. God will lead you from victory to victory, and your faith, ever active, will overcome the world, and beat down Satan under your feet.

## MEMOIRALS OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.

In 1821, the British Conference requested Dr. Adam Clarke to prepare and publish "Memoirs of the Wesley Family." The veteran commentator produced the volume full of curious and interesting information, to be found in most Methodist libraries, which has been for over fifty years a Methodist standard. This work is now supplemented by "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," compiled by George J. Stevenson, London, and published by Nelson & Phillips, New York, 1876. In the preface the author claims that a large number of important papers were sealed from the public for eighty years, while others slumbered in private hands for over a hundred, besides numerous other letters and documents relating to the Wesley family, widely scattered over the world. These were collected and sifted, part of them furnishing the material for Tyerman's voluminous and exhaustive biography; others for Dr. Riggs' "Living Wesley"; a portion of the rest are embodied in this re-creation of the lives of the Epworth family. Clarke characteristically opens his work with the "origin of the name Wesley," and with his usual pedantry traces it to the Arabic! Was an innocent and pardonable infirmity, the "affectation of bringing forward his Oriental learning" on every possible occasion. Clarke finds the name in England in the thirteenth century; Stevenson, in a historical introduction, finds it in the island a hundred and twenty-five years before the Norman conquest. "Guy was made a thane by the Saxon Athelstan, somewhere about 938, A. D."

All this antiquarian lore is of little interest to the American reader. If the ghost of Wesley were to be called up in a spiritualistic convocation, he would rap out an indulgent smile, or an indignant frown, at all this useless, if not nonsensical, genealogical research and parade. It is not to be regretted that no writer has "lifted the veil that has enshrouded the ancestry of the Wesleys, prior to the seventeenth century." Clarke and Stevenson both have to commence with the great-grandfather, Bartholomew Wesley, born in the latter days of the reign of Elizabeth, the first date in connection with whose name is 1650. The "penny parson," a "pitiful, dwindling parson," half preacher and half quack, was a carpet-bagger, an "intruder-jacketed after the Restoration," the principal event in whose life was the almost capture of Charles Second when he was a dodging vagabond, seeking restoration to his crown and kingdom. Stevenson's account of this "fanatical non-conformist" is twice as long as Clarke's. John, son of Bartholomew, was grandchild of the Epworth tribe, a graduate of Oxford and an ejected non-conformist, who died early. Methodism owes so much to the father and mother of his direct founder, that the reader naturally expects a full account of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and, in Mr. Stevenson's volume is not disappointed, though his narrative is not nearly so prolix as that of Clarke. No man becomes remarkable in this world that had not a remarkable mother, and Mrs. Wesley was one of the remarkable women of the age in which she lived. She brought up ten children, three sons and seven daughters, in a way that has excited the admiration of posterity. Nine others died in infancy. Conscientious Mr. Stevenson devotes four pages of his book to these early dead infants, in about equal parts of parish record, conjecture and sentiment. We thank him for a full account of the junior Samuel, to whom Methodism owes gratitude for some of the finest hymns in its collection—notably that touching funeral lyric, "The many flowers display their sweets, And gay their likenesses unfold."

We rejoice also in the memoirs of the brilliant coterie of girls that grew up under the Epworth roof-tree, mostly to lives of sadness, poverty and sorrow, through marriage misalliances. The eldest, Emilia or Emily, a thorough, cultivated, highly educated woman, with exquisite taste for poetry and music, a boarding-school teacher for a while, when past forty years of age, married a poverty-stricken Epworth apothecary, with "no money" and "no business," who took a large portion of

her school profits to himself, and thought himself very kind if "once in six months he gave her ten shillings!" The compensation was that the impecunious seallawag died early, while she lived to be eighty.

Susannah, or "Sokey," was "good-natured, facetious and romantic." When twenty-six, she rashly threw herself away upon "Dick Ellison, a coarse, vulgar, immoral man, harsh and despot," her "plague and a constant affliction to the family," the "wen" of the family, the old rector called him; it had several "wens" in the shape of sons-in-law. Well off when married, misfortunes reduced him to poverty, and after nearly thirty years of sequestration from his wife, he was buried by the Methodists from the Foundry. His wife followed him four years later, aged sixty-nine. Mr. Stevenson's book could have spared three pages of descendants of the Ellisons.

Angelic Mary, with a beautiful face and a deformed figure, "patient Grissle Moll," became, when almost forty, the wife of "poor, starving Johnny White-lamb," her father's curate, too poor to buy himself a gown to preach in! She lived but a year. "Starveling Johnny" survived her for thirty years. Mehitabel, "Hitty," the most remarkable of this remarkable coterie of talented girls, was "gay, sprightly, full of mirth, good humor and keen wit, handsome, graceful, winning." When twenty-seven years of age she married, after being thwarted in her first love, a journeyman plumber and glazier, William Wright, "a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education and manners. He was illiterate, coarse, vulgar, unkind, loose, and given to drink." A postscript of one of his notes to John Wesley shows his literary attainments. It refers to the death of their child:—

P. S. "I've seen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from you as Soon as Convenient." She was the poetess of the family, and died in 1750. In her later years she was "an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners, traces of beauty in her countenance, and the appearance of being broken-hearted."

Annie married John Lambert at twenty-three. It is a pleasure to read, after the sad failures of her sisters, that Lambert was well-educated, intelligent, well-read, prospered in business, who lived with his family in comfort; harmony of married life unbroken.

Martina, the eighth daughter and sweetest child, embodied all the excellences of the family, and died in 1791, five months after her brother John, about eighty-five years old. Her husband, Wesley Hall, a Church curate, married her after coquetting shamefully between her and her younger sister, Keziah, who remained unmarried. He was a fickle fool, a libertine and seducer, profligate and "lost to all sense of decorum and shame," abandoned his wife and went off with one of his mistresses to the West Indies. Mrs. Hall was a talented woman and a frequent visitor at Dr. Johnson's.

It is no pleasure to learn from Mr. Stevenson's book that the baptismal name of the founder of Methodism was John Benjamin. It is a pleasure to read, in the concluding pages of his interesting volume, quite full biographies of the sons of Charles Wesley, the great musicians, Samuel, a musical performer from infancy, an "English Mozart," a skillful organist, an excellent violinist, and a distinguished composer. His son, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, inherits his father's gifts and musical power.

Charles, eldest son of Charles Wesley, like his younger brother, was a musical genius from childhood. He was a weak man in everything but music, and dependent, to advanced life, upon his sister Sarah; but he remained true to his religious principles, while his brother Samuel indulged, by way of episode, in communion with the Romanists, seduced by the beautiful music of that sensuous Church. But, we must conclude. All lovers of Methodism will peruse with pleasure Mr. Stevenson's "Memoirs of the Wesley Family."

## Editorial Items.

The Pilot takes a strangely apologetic view of a sad and unpardonable homicide committed last week in Chicago by a somewhat conspicuous and intelligent young Irishman, named Alexander Sullivan, upon Mr. Francis Hanford, an exemplary member of the Methodist Church and principal of one of the city high schools. Mr. Sullivan was an active politician, and Secretary of the Board of Public Works, and both himself and his wife were highly esteemed in Roman Catholic circles as members of that Church. Mrs. Sullivan has been a correspondent of the Pilot, and was quite a ready and profuse contributor for the public press. She had also been a teacher in the public schools. The municipal boards of Chicago have affected the School Board, and the Board of Aldermen having occasion to confirm the election of certain members of the Board of Education, it seems that Master Hanford wrote a private letter to a member of the former Board intended only for his eye, but which he read aloud, at a meeting of the Board, in which Mrs. Margaret R. Sullivan, the wife of the secretary, was affirmed to be "the investigator and engineer-in-chief of all the deviltry connected with the legislation" of the School Board, and an organ of a Roman Catholic ring; and that through her influence with Mayor Colvig she secured the dismissal and appointment of subordinate officers in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. Upon a demand being made for the name of the author of the note, the Alderman finally gave it. Mr. Sullivan greatly excited returned to his home, insane with rage. His wife attempted to calm him, and proposed to visit with him the newspaper offices where she thought she had sufficient influence to hinder the publication of the offensive note. Taking a carriage, in company with Mrs. Sullivan and his brother, he drove first to Mr. Hanford's house and found him in his front yard with his wife and children. Springing towards him he summarily demanded a retraction of the charge contained in the letter. This Mr. Hanford refused to do, affirming that he

could prove all that it declared. Upon this Sullivan fellled him to the ground, and before he could be prevented, drew a pistol and shot him with fatal effect through the stomach—and all this in the presence of his wife and children, and of his own wife also. The provocation to anger may have been great, but no justification for the frightful revenge; and no apology is to be offered for the uncivilized and illegal custom of carrying dangerous weapons to execute a personal law of retaliation for one's self. It is a sad feature of the affair that any religious excitement should be added to a sufficiently terrible occurrence, and that any apology should be proffered by a sectarian press for an unjustifiable and bloody homicide so revolting as it was with such peculiarly cruel exasperation.

We understand that but one newspaper sheet in the city of Chicago attempted to apologize for the act. But a dramatic effect is being given to the affair, by picturing the condition of Mrs. Sullivan and interviewing the frantic murderer. But how about the widowed Mrs. Hanford and her fatherless children? We have known Rev. E. P. Smith, the announcement of whose lamented death has just reached us from the coast of Africa, for over twenty years. He was an earnest laborer among the outcast children of the Five Points, New York, when a theological student in that city. He was for a number of years a devoted and successful pastor of a Congregational Church at Pepperell, Mass. He entered heartily into the most laborious portions of the work of the Christian Commission during the war; was one of the most earnest and efficient superintendents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and afterwards became Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In his later years he was afflicted with the disease which secured the malignant hatred of the corrupt Indian Ring, and was maligned and abused as few other men have been. Those that really knew the man, never for a moment faltered as to their entire confidence in him; and he was worthy of their trust—a man upon whom rested the favor and blessing of God. He was some time since elected President of Howard University at Washington, and during a few months of necessary recreation was making a careful survey of Western Africa in the interest of colored emigration and evangelization upon that coast. He was a noble man, cheerfully and bravely bearing up against obloquy, and with a sublime trust awaiting calmly for the providence of God to defend him, and to place his character in its true light before the good men of the land. His wife has suffered, heretofore, in the flood of abuse that was poured upon him, most grievously; but this is a far heavier blow than all. He died in the midst of his work upon the coast. The family is now in Germany. God help and comfort them!

Political parties are a safeguard of the Republic. We dare not do without them; we hardly dare to do without them. They are a sort of necessary evil. The vehicle for the expression of public opinion, they also enervate party spirit which is often a narrow, selfish, mean and lying spirit. It rejoices not in the triumph of truth, but in the success of the party at any cost. We may not safely believe all that is affirmed of our neighbor's party. That we may be able properly to criticize it, and to take just exceptions to some of its acts, we must take its sentiments from its own authorities and deal fairly with its facts. It is easy to criticize, and if we were to reject all systems that we are able to criticize we should abandon the universe. We must have some standard for several thousand years. We must try to think our neighbor is as patriotic as ourselves, and that, if once in power, would do what he judges would be best for the country.

Let us not be afraid to look at both sides, and then in the light of all the facts make up our mind what policy, and what men, will most fully conserve the interests of the nation. Our own party will be very likely to leave in the background, or to ignore, facts that are damaging to itself, while the other will be disposed to charge it with what does not belong to it. Get at the truth from all the witnesses if possible, even though some of them bear hard upon our preconceived prejudices. Dare to see the right and to hold your party to it, or, after due trial, leave your party. The truth will abide, parties will disappear.

We had occasion to refer, a week or two since, to the apologetic manner in which Southern religious papers referred to the massacre at Hamburg. It is due to the truth of history to say that, since then, several have spoken of it in words of unqualified reprehension. Particularly in the St. Louis and Southern States, Dr. Haygood, the corresponding editor of both, has denounced the affair and all connected with it, in terms of proper indignation. He says, besides:—

"But such a case demands more than indignation. It demands more than horror, more than denunciation. It demands punishment. The law should lay its heavy but just hand upon the offenders. They should be brought to a speedy trial. The calm process of thorough judicial investigation should be fully observed, but flimsy technicalities for the protection of the guilty are not in order now. No name is high enough to claim exemption. 'Let no guilty man escape.' The authorities should do their duty—let justice be done, and let the truth be ascertained by the fullest, fairest, calmest investigation the facts, and then abide by the law."

If the religious press of the South, and all "good willing" men would unite to put down such acts of terrorism and blood, enforce the adequate punishment of such offenses against personal liberty, property and life, and secure to all citizens, white and black, their rights, a very different condition of things would soon ensue.

The Crescent is again victorious. Servia, like Herzegovina, is compelled to retire before her savage foes, and find shelter in mountain fastnesses and inaccessible defiles. The open field is abandoned and the drama must soon close. But the triumph of the Turk is not complete. In the Balkan respects that material expense. She has humbled an enemy, but lost a friend; or, to state it more precisely, she has humbled an enemy, and by her method of doing it aroused the enmity of the whole civilized world. War is a horrid business, but there are certain conventional amenities which contending nations feel bound to practice, and which, if neglected or refused, will provoke the just wrath of outside powers. There is the clearest evidence that Turkey has violated every human principle in conducting this war. Men, women and children have been butchered by the thousands, especially in Bulgaria. The wounded have been mutilated, and prisoners denied quarter. At Ouhukul, according to a recent dispatch, children were carried about impaled on bayonets and human beings were burned alive. At Jambule a bag full of human heads was emptied before the house of the Italian consul and left there to be eaten by dogs. The London Times speaks of the barbarities of the Tartar conquerors as "surpassing anything the imagination of civilized man can conceive."

It is no new thing to read of Turkish cruelty and brutality, but that waning power



might, at least, read the warning lessons of her own history. Scarce fifty years have passed since her murderous policy provoked foreign intervention, and wrested from her way the kingdom of Greece. Already, England, her most powerful friend, has been alienated by the atrocities committed in Bulgaria, and there is good reason to believe that, in the present temper of the English people, the Muscovite might realize his long-cherished dream of obtaining possession of the Bosphorus, without English interference. The presence of a Mohammedan power on a continent otherwise professedly Christian will not be tolerated much longer, and cruelties born of fanaticism will only hasten its downfall. Servia may be compelled to submit again, for the time, to the rule of the Crescent, but the Cross is destined to triumph.

That was a stupid blunder, to use the mildest terms, on the part of the proprietors of one of our illustrated journals, who permitted, recently, its artist to burlesque, in a full-page cartoon, the attitude of the American clergy towards the newly-arrived scientist, Prof. Huxley. The latter was depicted as personating the British lion, and holding the field against "a bevy of American divines, purposely made portraits, and as purposely made weak and scared, while the great naturalist is having it all his own way."

The *Brooklyn Union* very properly characterizes this blunder as a "crime against human enlightenment, thus to falsify the record," and gives expression to the following truthful statement of the case as it really stands:— "It does not honor Huxley to degrade those who, from the standpoint of the American leading pulpit, oppose not so much Huxley's doctrine, as its use by thoughtless and thin thinkers, who see evolution the total destruction of Revelation. The Bible has survived a multitude of such shocks, and will do so until the last end of time. In all its encounters with advanced views of science, revealed religion has been triumphant, finding its own advantage in the victory, while the advancement of human knowledge has carried forward its standard. Huxley has no more diligent and careful readers than American clergymen. They form a class of his students that read and study for a purpose, and we are ready to believe that much of Huxley has advanced will become reconciled and absorbed into the better interpretation of the Biblical record, for such is the clergyman's province and duty. The geologist once was to peep the Bible to death with fossils, but Scripture interpretation has grown thereby. The protoplasm can be left to work out its destiny without stopping the presses of the Bible Society. If sometimes a clergyman seems liberal in his zealous defence of accepted truth to which he is unwilling to add, it is a very good fall to his falling, to see the still and liberality too often assumed by liberalism. Meanwhile the world goes on. The fools and jesters play the smallest part in the pageant."

The attention of our readers has frequently been called to the quiet but determined and persistent efforts made by Anthony Comstock, esq., of New York city, toward the suppression and destruction of obscene literature. It appears that about six thousand dealers are engaged in this nefarious business of attempting to pollute the minds of our youth by the dissemination of vile books, indecent songs, pictures, etc. The New York Society for the Prevention of Vice, of which Mr. Comstock is the ruling spirit, is meeting this terrible and iniquitous evil, by the use of every legal and authorized means. Of their success we may judge from the statement that, during the past year, twenty-eight offenders were convicted by evidence furnished by this society, and sent to the penitentiary, and over twelve hundred pounds of immoral publications were seized and destroyed. Surely every parent will rejoice in this excellent work, and utter a hearty God speed to the society and to Mr. Comstock, for their earnest and noble championship of home purity.

After a journey extending over fifteen months, in which he has made the circuit of the globe, accompanied by a niece, Dr. H. M. Field returns refreshed, having met with no serious accident, but enjoyed a very wide and unusual opportunity of visiting the most noted places and persons in Europe and Asia, and becoming personally familiar with the chief political, social and religious movements of the day, particularly acquainting himself with the present condition of the missionary field in the East. His letters during his absence have been the chief feature of interest in his valuable paper, the *Evangelist*; which, however, it is due to his able assistants to say, has been conducted with excellent taste and ability in his absence from the office. We do not hesitate to say that the series of letters he has forwarded to his paper have been the most instructive and entertaining that we have read from the pen of any writer who has made the round-the-world trip. They should be collected and preserved in the book form. We heartily welcome Dr. Field once more to his familiar duties, and to the scene of a quarter of a century of hard and very successful work.

Says one of our most intelligent and effective Presiding Elders: "An abridged and cheap edition of the 'Methodist Discipline' is greatly needed. And there is much in our present edition that is of little or no interest or profit to the masses. Take the Discipline (edition 1872), and examine from page 79 to 138, 160 to 193, 212 to 236, 284 to 329, 338 to 390—pages in all. It will readily be seen that all the matter on these pages can be omitted with no detriment to the most of the members of the Church. Conference boundaries, forms of ordination, etc., are of no account with the most of them, nor is there any need they should be. The present size will be needed by all ministers, and the popular edition would be the abridged. If our agent will publish such an edition, costing fifteen or twenty cents, it can easily be put into every Methodist family. Let us have the abridged immediately." W. H. S.

The suggestion is worthy of consideration. We heartily commend it to the agents in New York.

Col. Cornwell has prepared a very well-written sketch of the life of Governor R. B. Hayes, which is judiciously prepared, and illustrated by a fine steel engraving, an excellent likeness—in a stout duodecimo volume. The work is done modestly as is becoming its subject, but with sufficient fulness, and records a characteristic story of a representative Yankee family, struggling against obstacles and making them the occasions of a broader and richer development. A finer life, as a model for emulation, will be offered our youth than that of the Republican member for president. Published by B. B. Russell & Co.

We cannot conscientiously vote for an incompetent or a corrupt man even when he represents a political policy that we approve, for such a man cannot be depended upon. Neither can we wisely nor safely vote for a capable man of unexceptionable character who represents a line of national policy that we esteem destructive. In voting for the man we drop our ballot for the party at the same time. The rectitude and

cultivation of the candidate offer poor guarantees where the traditional record of the party he represents has been unfaithful to freedom, or disloyal to the integrity of the country.

Perhaps the most cheering fact to be noted in watching the progress which the empire of Japan is making in true civilization, is the appointment of Christian officials to posts of influence, especially in the department of education. The *Spirit of Missions* announces that "the present government director of the imperial university at Tokio (Yedo) is Hatakeyama, a native Christian gentleman, who was educated in America, and who now wields an immense influence in his own country. Several of the professors are also Christian ministers." It is also stated that a native Christian gentleman of great learning has been placed in charge of the government female normal school, and that the governor of Kobe has selected a Japanese Christian as moral instructor in the city prison. Facts like these are surely encouraging; and when we learn further that in a single district seventy-one Buddhist temples have since 1873, been converted into dwelling houses, or used for secular purposes, and that, during the last six years, six hundred such temples have been thus diverted from their original object, it would seem as though the time of redemption for Japan was fast drawing nigh.

The *Christian Advocate* says of the death of Mrs. Bishop Jones:— "Mrs. Catherine Jones, the esteemed wife of Bishop Jones, died at the family residence in this city, Aug. 13. She had been, apparently, on the borders of the promised land for many months, having been stricken down by paralysis. With great patience and constant faith and hope, though much of the time in much bodily suffering, she lingered until Sunday last, when, bidding a precious farewell to husband, children, and friends, she peacefully passed to her rest."

Mrs. Jones was a remarkable woman. For many years she has been like one in the world but not of it. She was a saintly soul; her conversation was in heaven; her life took on its spiritual robes long before the hour of her translation. The Church will remember her senior pastor in this hour of his bereavement, of physical infirmity and advanced age.

The illustrated article upon our Academic institutions in *Scriven's Monthly* for September, is Wesleyan University. The descriptive paper is an admirable one—comprehensive, discriminating, sufficiently full in its details, and presenting a very interesting and encouraging history of the oldest collegiate institution of the denomination, under whose patronage it was established and has grown to its present condition. The cuts are very fine, but give only a faint idea of the unsurpassed beauty of the site, and the imposing appearance of its fine suite of buildings. The article is written by Prof. William North Rice.

The paper of Prof. Heman Lincoln, of Newton Seminary, in the *Baptist Quarterly* of July, upon Unitarianism in New England, is a contribution of remarkable vigor and interest. In a review of the late biographies of Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett and Dr. John Todd, the professor gives a thoughtful discussion of the rise, nature, tendencies, results and present condition of Unitarianism. The paper is an admirable and clear generalization, full of suggestions, and commending itself to the calm judgment of intelligent readers.

The Pilot calls upon all Roman Catholics and all foreigners to vote the Democratic ticket; because the special legislation the religious body it represents desires cannot be secured through the Republican party and can through the Democratic. How would it look for Congregational and Methodist denominational papers to attempt to persuade their readers to vote a certain ticket in order to secure special political immunities? The only Christian body that we know of which votes, in any degree, as a unit, is the Catholic, and its reasons for this are significant, if not to be commended.

A lady inquirer asks if there is any record that a "woman had invented any useful instrument or received a patent for any invention?" To all such inquiring friends we say, start immediately for the Exposition at Philadelphia; take a good sized diary and sufficient stationery; visit the Woman's Hall and make an inventory of the numerous useful inventions which are there on exhibition, and of the patents with their dates of record, which are open to examination. The question will be thus answered in the most effective and satisfactory manner.

As to her estimation of the influence of the stage upon the actors who tread it, especially women, Fanny A. Kemble says, in one of her entertaining and gossip letters, in the *Atlantic*: "Never have I presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious."

In such earnest words as these *The Universalist* life up its voice again, the publication of the Sabbath in our city, having just described in a very graphic manner the demoralizing spectacles the editor witnessed while passing near the crowds that gathered, two Sabbaths ago, around the music stands: "We denounce the Sunday evening concerts on the Common in the name of our religion and our civilization as an unwholesome spectacle, and as a capacious lure to evil."

The Morrisville, Vt., camp-meeting opened last Monday, to continue a week; the South Franklin meeting in the same State commences on the 28th, and holds over into the succeeding week. What a lively recollection we have of the meeting last year in Alburgh. These Vermont meetings preserve all the old freshness and fervor of the former times, and it is always good to be there.

A very interesting Convention is to be held at Sea Grove, Cape May Point, N. J., Sept. 7th and 8th. It is a meeting of the National Forest Congress, to consider the various economic, aesthetic, climatic and sanitary questions involved in the removal and in the renewing of our forests. Leading agricultural and social scientists are to be present, and to read valuable papers.

We have received an interesting historical sketch of the Richmond Institute, the very vigorous and successful educational enterprise sustained by the Baptist Home Mission Society, for the education of teachers and preachers among the Freedmen, in Richmond, Va.

The present acting president of the Northwestern University, Oliver May, LL.D., is visiting his friends at the East. Dr. May bears his years well, having much of the elasticity of the former days when the popular professor of Natural History at Wilbraham Academy.

DEDICATION.—The Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Society, Buffalo, N. Y., propose to dedicate their new church edifice to the worship of Almighty God, Sunday, September 10, 1876. Bishop M. Simpson, President Wm. F. Warren of Boston University and Rev. Albert D. Vail of Newark, N. J., are to be the speakers.

IRA G. BIDEWELL, Pastor.

#### Notes from the Churches.

##### MASSACHUSETTS.

Yarmouth Camp-ground.—The 13th dawned upon us bright and beautiful. It was Layman's Sabbath; and some of us who had never been at a service of this kind, were desirous of seeing how it would work. We were simply delighted with the entire day. There was first, an experience meeting held in the Chatham tent, at nine o'clock in the morning, which was largely attended. There were many warm and earnest experiences and exhortations given. At 10.15 the bell called us to the stand. Here the remaining services were held, and were in charge of lay brethren from Chelsea, Boston and Ipswich. All the addresses were full ofunction, tone in style, and glowing with the fire that is kindled by prayer.

Several arose for prayers. Many consecrated themselves anew to Christ. It was a day of power—a glorious introduction to the regular camp-meeting services, which open to-morrow (Tuesday) evening.

South Lawrence.—In the past, God has raised up friends to help His cause and people in this place, and we will not doubt His power or willingness now. During the sickness of Brother McCurdy last winter, several brethren from abroad gratuitously labored in revival effort, as fruit of which twenty have recently united in full membership. The kindness of able brethren made the lecture-course remunerative by the gift of most excellent lectures; that of Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Charleston, on "The Model Man," would of itself insure the success of any course where his merits are known; also that of Brother Milten, of Haverhill, is remembered with great favor; and the reputation of them is earnestly requested.

As pastor and people we would acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe the Churches which have generously taken in these trying times, the Church Aid collection assigned to this embarrassed charge. The Great Head of the Church still observes the rich east in much and the poor world her miser, and will reward. Other Churches assigned will, we trust, soon help us to meet our urgent demands.

##### MAINE.

The fall term of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College in Bangor, is opening under very auspicious circumstances. Dr. H. P. Torrey, who has been partially disabled from partaking in the regular exercises, is here in renewed vigor. Although not quite well, yet his active presence gives a new life to all around. It really seems good to see the well-known form of the president at the head of the faculty once more, and to hear his warning, cautionary advice, and cheering words of encouragement to the incoming students, of whom there is a goodly number. Long may he live to bless the young, and aid them in their efforts to secure an education in this flourishing seminary.

Kent's Hill, August 15.

Items.—Extensive arrangements are being made to hold a temperance camp-meeting in Anson, some time in September. It is expected that there will be a grand rally. A few days since a poor care-worn woman, with two little girls at her side, was seen at the very door of a rum shop in Augusta, begging and pleading to the proprietor not to sell her husband any more liquor. The woman bore marks of violence which had been inflicted upon her by her husband while under the influence of strong drink, and by this very rummer. But she pleaded in vain. Such are the creatures that represent the rum traffic in Maine. "O Lord, how long!"

Mr. E. H. Smiley, a graduate of Colby University, class of '75, has been elected principal of Waterville High School. Mr. S. is a teacher of considerable experience.

A large number from Boston and Portland are testing the water of the mineral springs in Poland, with beneficial effects. The water is found very useful in diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, serofulous humors and salt rheum. On Sunday the guests generally attend the Shaker meeting, some three miles distant from the hotel at the springs, where they are cordially welcomed and find comfortable accommodations. The peculiar worship of this strange people is a very interesting feature of a visit to the Poland springs.

The Seventh Day Adventists will hold their annual camp-meeting at Richmond, August 31 to September 5th. Elder James White and wife from California, and W. Smith, editor of the *Review and Herald*, Battle Creek, Mich., are expected to be present.

The annual meeting of the Maine Old Fellows Relief Association was held in Augusta, August 7th. The report shows a membership of 1826; receipts for the year \$10,518; funds in the treasury \$1,463; paid for relief of members during the year \$1,819. The Association is prospering in the State.

Thirty applicants have been admitted to the Freshman class of Bates College, among whom are three ladies. It is expected that the class will number about forty.

The fall term of Gould Academy at Bethel will commence in September, under the charge of Mr. D. M. McPherson, A. B., the popular assistant of the spring term.

Hon. Stephen D. Lindsey of Norridgewood, the nominee for Congress, is a thorough temperance advocate, and a man of unimpeachable character.

Rev. Mr. Grant (Universalist) of West Waterville has performed consecration services for two Sabbaths past.

Eleven persons (five adults and six children) were baptized the first Sabbath in August by Rev. C. W. Blackman, pastor of the Methodist Church in Fayette. Mr. B. is on his second year of service in this parish.

Rev. J. C. Snow (Universalist) baptized nine candidates at Bead's Corner in Jay, Sunday, August 6th. A Church is to be formed there.

Eleven were added to the Congregational Church in Skowhegan, August 6th. This makes fifty-seven added since March.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins, pastor of the Methodist Church in Gardiner, baptized four persons Sunday August 6th—three by plunging and one by sprinkling.

Rev. Mr. Small, of Turner, is supplying the Congregational Church in Wilton. Efforts are being made to secure his permanent services.

Alden Baker, esq., of Gardiner, President of the State Sunday-school Association, has been making arrangements for holding a series of conventions in Franklin county this fall. One is to be held in Farmington some time in August.

The Maine Universalist Sunday-school Convention and Institute is to meet in Skowhegan the first Wednesday in November.

Mr. William Conner of Fairfield, father of Gov. Conner, was seriously injured a few days since by being thrown from his carriage. Two ribs were broken and his whole system received a severe shock.

The Woman's Day at the National Temperance Camp-meeting was a great success in many respects. It brought together the elect ladies from all parts of this country, Canada and Great Britain, and they were peers in intellectual force, persuasive eloquence, and magnetic power with their brother leaders in the great temperance movement. Among the prominent speakers on the day assigned for the women, were Mrs. Prentiss and Mrs. Crossman, of Bangor. Both of these women evince deep conviction on the temperance question, and the most thorough consecration to the work of saving the inebriate, and putting the strong arm of prohibition about them after their reformation.

Mrs. Dr. Allen, of Orono, was in labors abundant through the meeting, and several converts were added to the ranks of workers in this department of the work of God. A delegation of ladies from Massachusetts added interest to the meeting by their earnest prayers and faithful words.

Mrs. Sargeant was chosen president of the Woman's Union for the State of Maine. She brings a cultured mind, a warm heart, and great executive ability to this office, and we shall look for a prosperous year for this organization.

Friday, the fourth day of the meeting, was devoted to international congratulations and counsel. Prof. Foster, of the university at Fredericton, N. B., presided, and after a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, he introduced Albion Little, esq., of Portland, who welcomed, in behalf of the association, the delegates from Great Britain and Canada. He was followed by Mr. Freese, of Nova Scotia, who gave a very hopeful view of the temperance cause in Canada. Mrs. Partington, of Portland, followed with an earnest plea for temperance.

Mr. Murphy presided in the afternoon and introduced Rev. Mr. Gales, of Montreal, Canada. Mr. Gales said signs of good in the temperance cause, in the fact that the clergy of England and Canada are becoming enlisted in the reform movement. Mr. Gales placed himself squarely on the side of total legal prohibition. Mr. Murphy next introduced Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, who delivered a most elegant yet heart-searching and thrilling address. Miss W. is small of stature, but a giant in mind, and one of the most persuasive speakers on the ground. Her command of the large congregation which she holds in rapt attention, whether she speaks fifteen minutes or two hours, is a wonder to all. She is the most womanly woman, in the utterance of the most womanly sentiments. She is warm while clear, vigorous while tender, and as enthusiastic as logical.

Prof. Foster followed Miss Willard with a very able address which won the admiration of all, and carried conviction to all hearts. The Professor is in the front of the cause in the reform movement, and by his wise counsel and earnest efforts at the two national temperance camp meetings, has come to the front among the most efficient workers in this country.

Mr. Frasier, of New Brunswick, Canada, Captain Coley, of Portland, and Mrs. Youmans, of Canada, spoke in the evening.

The International day was interesting and enthusiastic throughout; and the meeting was so filled with the spirit of fraternity in the temperance work that they organized an International Temperance Camp-meeting Association, with Prof. Foster as President, Rev. D. C. Babcock and Rev. Mr. Gales as corresponding secretaries.

The meetings Saturday were under the leadership of the Haverhill Reform Club. Mr. Sweet, esq., of Haverhill, presided. Addressed by Rev. Mr. Willard, and by his wise counsel and earnest efforts at the two national temperance camp meetings, has come to the front among the most efficient workers in this country.

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Concord.—The Baker Memorial Methodist Society two years ago purchased of Charles H. Norton his house lot and dwelling on the corner of State and Warren streets, for a church site. This season the society is erecting a chapel on the rear portion of the lot, facing Warren street, leaving the dwelling undisturbed. This building will be of brick 40 by 70 feet, and will be sufficiently spacious to accommodate the society for worship, until at some future day they may erect a church edifice. This society colonized from the parent Church, and seems to be flourishing under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. M. W. Prince.

Gleanings.—Rev. E. Adams, D. D., of Concord, was summoned last week to Toledo, Ohio, to bury his oldest daughter. He will have the sympathy of his friends.

Rev. W. H. Jones, of Epping, has been very sick. For some days he laid very near Death's door. Our last words from him, however, reported him better, and his friends hope soon to see him about again.

On Sunday, Aug. 6th, Rev. James Noyes of Portsmouth, baptized 11 persons by immersion and 4 by sprinkling. The same day 12 were received into the Church by profession and 2 by letter. Another token of prosperity in this Church is the fact

(Continued on 5th page.)

Brother Asa Hall led the children in singing, and right heartily they sang the familiar Sunday-school songs. The day was a bright glad day throughout.

A pleasant surprise was arranged for Miss Willard after the afternoon services, by Mrs. Taylor of Portland, and Mrs. Stevens, of Deering. A beautiful shady dell, in which nestled a spring of pure cold water, on the farm of Mr. Brown in Saco, near the cascade and gold mines, was to be christened, and these ladies had elected to name it for Miss Willard, this princess of temperance workers. Several of the friends gathered about the spring in this lovely spot, and by pleasant speeches, singing and prayer named the spot Willard Dell. All went from the place feeling that it was good to be there. Mr. Murphy and Mrs. Youmans spoke in the evening.

Tuesday was assigned to Massachusetts, and representatives from the several reformed clubs formed by Dr. Reynolds were present, and represented the work in Massachusetts.

Wednesday, the last day of the meeting, was devoted to the discussion of the methods of work, and the difficulties encountered in the work. The evening service, led by Mr. Murphy, the retiring president, was a prayer and praise service, and at times deeply spiritual. Mr. Murphy evinces growth in intellectual strength and moral power as the years pass, and gives promise of great power in this field of labor. Many a prayer for his success goes up to God as he goes forth again to another year's work in the West, where he has so many hosts of friends. Dr. Reynolds succeeds him in the presidency of the association, and with Mrs. Ward of Salem as corresponding secretary, we shall look for greater success to attend the future life of this temperance organization.

A party of one hundred went from the camp-meeting on a trip through the North, on Thursday, which closed up in a delightful manner a most delightful and profitable meeting in the interest of temperance.

Rev. I. Lord baptized seven persons last Sabbath in Baldwin, five by sprinkling and two by immersion.

Rev. J. P. Cole baptized four persons on Long Island last Sabbath. Several rose for prayers in the evening. The work of God is very encouraging on the Islands.

##### EAST MAINE.

East Boothbay is a thriving little village near the mouth of the Damariscotta river. It has one place of worship, under the pastorate of Rev. Charles Knowlton, of the East Maine Conference. He is at present busily engaged in altering and improving the church edifice, and the indications are that when these alterations are completed, there will be few more cozy and comfortable houses of worship in the county. The pastor and estimable lady seem abundant in labors for the good of the Church, and are looking forward to a year of prosperity in the cause of Christ. Encouraged and sustained by the members of the Church they will not be disappointed.

The oft-repeated whistle of the neighboring factory gives evidence that the fishing interest is prospering, and from all that I can hear, the season will be greatly profitable to the fishermen of the coast. The weather is cool and delightful. The camp-meeting is in progress at Richmond, where, doubtless, God is blessing His people.

Aug. 15, 1876.

East Corinth.—Last Sabbath we had a union baptism in Kenduskeag stream. Five persons, heads of families, were baptized by me, and five by Rev. O. Pitts, Free Will Baptist. As fruit of the revival last winter, the Baptists have baptized nine, the Free Will Baptists, five, and the Methodist sixteen—making in all thirty persons. Still others are soon to go forward. All who were converted have continued in the faith. The Churches rejoice together, and perfect harmony exists among them.

##### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Winnepesaukee Camp-ground at Wiscasset presents a very attractive appearance. Several cottages and Society houses are in process of erection. The extensive improvements made last year have placed this in the front rank of resorts for rest and enjoyment under Christian influences. So sanguine are its friends and trustees that the offer of a business man to assume all liabilities of the association and accept the unsold lots in payment, was promptly refused. Several multitudes with their families are here for the season, among them Brothers Copp and Hamilton. A temperance camp-meeting will follow the meeting of Sept. 4-9, continuing from the 11th to the 15th.

The Preachers' meeting at Littleton, on the 15th and 16th, was well attended. Rev. D. J. Smith preached an excellent sermon, and Prof. Robinson, President of our Conference Seminary and Female College at Littleton, delivered a very clear and scholarly address upon education. The reports of the pastors were full of interest. The outlook is hopeful in Littleton and Colebrook. The Bethlehem pastor rejoices in new change-lives presented by summer visitors, and in being relieved in his work by such men as Prof. Day, Bishop Cheney and Dr. Meers. Brother Perkins is prospering and happy in Whitefield. The Lisbon society is moving in the right direction. The congregation at Groveton has doubled. The Lands people have Brother Crowley to encourage them, and the work of God is going on there. Brother Bailey reports a good interest in Lancaster. Brother Robinson of West Concord, and Brother Cushman of Guildhall, Vt., are preparing in their work. Our next session is to be held in Groveton, Nov. 14th and 15th. May the fire of heavenly love and zeal be kindled anew at our approaching camp-meetings, and glorious revivals be there reported in all the Churches.

G. W. R.

Methodist Quarterly Review.

Any person having a complete set of the Quarterly may find a purchaser, if price is reasonable. State whether it is bound or unbound. Style and price if any have a considerable portion of it, let me know. JAMES P. MAGEE, 222

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.  
Sunday, September 3.  
Lesson X. Prov. xlii, 29-33.  
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## INTEMPERANCE.

No vice has taken hold of our race with a more relentless grip than intemperance. It is not merely an ancient curse of which we read in the earlier annals of the world's history; it has followed along with human progress and civilization, but has always proved a deadly foe. It has been fondled by the wise and the rich and the noble, so that it has worn the glamour of respectability, yet its results—a profligate progeny—are folly, poverty, shame, and crimes of every possible complexion. Intemperance is appetite upon the throne of a man's life; it is the man reversed, the animal supreme, and the soul in the dust; God breathed His Spirit into human clay to rule the body, but the drunkard makes the flesh his master; he brutifies himself. Intemperance is earthly, sensual, devilish. There is no plea for the use of intoxicating stimulants that can stand the test of sound morality. All manliness, all womanliness, all purity of heart, all peace of home, all national stability, protest against a vice which is sending its fiery darts into all these elements of the body social. It fires the passions of some of our public men so that they become a public disgrace. It absorbs the revenues of labor which ought to go to building up the institutions of culture and religion. It plants sorrow in the hearts of devoted women who hate the cup which has maddened the brain of husband or son, while they still love the victims of its poison. When shall this wide-spread iniquity be wiped clean from our civilization? Not until the Christian Church shall be temperate through and through, and array itself as a unit against the crime. From her communion table, the cup which contains the sacred emblem, ought not to carry temptation to the temptable man. Her households ought not to tolerate any custom that may lead children to thirst for stimulants. Temperance is a Christian virtue, and can only become incorporated into the life of society by the transformation that Christ's religion works in the heart. The Bible is a temperance Book. The manhood it enjoins, based upon "faith" and crowned with "charity," has "temperance" in its heart. The heaven which the Bible portrays has no entrance gate for the man who has blinded and paralyzed himself by strong drink; neither can any live the real life of goodness, sobriety and health upon earth, without being temperate in all things.

Who hath woe? We may take these words as the testimony of Solomon's own experience. Some one calls this passage in Proverbs, "the drunkard's looking-glass," so accurately does it set forth his miserable condition. The "wise man" had fallen into lawless and lustful practices; "Solomon the preacher" became Solomon the prodigal. But, like the prodigal, he "came to himself," and in his right mind he now describes the woe of the inebriate. Intoxication first exhilarates, takes the man up in a whirl of wild delight, only to dash him to the depths of remorse and woe.

Who hath sorrow? The sorrows that come to the Christian have an element of blessing. They rest heavily enough upon the heart, but there is a balm sent with the grief; the divine hand lifts the load so that it will not crush the patient, trusting heart. But the sorrows of a drunkard lie like lead in his conscience-stricken soul. Loss of money, time, strength, reputation, integrity, purity, self-respect, make him feel that he has lost himself. His mourning is bitter, for he might have saved all by mastering his own false appetite.

Who hath contention? The drinking party usually begin their revelry with pleasant and good feeling. But as the night goes on and the blood grows hot from the draughts of fire-water, disputes arise, passionate words divide friends, and the end of the carousal is a scene of violence.

Who hath babbling? Many an eloquent man who had the power to speak ringing words for the truth, has been made to babble like a monkey through strong drink. The cup steals away genius; the power of thought and of its utterance is overthrown by the passion for wine.

Who hath wounds without cause? The scars of the patriot soldier are honorable. But the man who is bruised because he cannot walk like a man, but has fallen, wallowing to the earth, has no pity; his wounds have no reasonable and honorable cause.

Who hath redness of eyes? The flames of passion leave their color painted upon the face. In the "windows of the soul" there is the scarlet, the color emblematical of sensual life, which tells what is in the soul itself.

They that tarry long at the wine. Those who drink to excess have to meet the foregoing catalogue of troubles. It is possible for men to drink intoxicating liquors in such a moderate measure as to avoid these terrible disasters for the most part. But the probability is that moderation will be lost in excess. Such is the nature of the appetite, that the liabilities are on the side of an increasing desire for stimulants. As sensibility is lessened by constant, unnatural excitement, in the same ratio the appetite demands that the quantity be increased.

The beginnings of the vice of intemperance must be resisted, or the battle is hard and almost hopeless. When Charles Lamb was at the brink of an inebriate's grave he cried out—"of my condition there is no

hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious, see my fevered eye, fevered with the last night's debauch, and feverish with looking for this night's repetition of the folly, could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly, but with feeble and feeble outcry, to be delivered; it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

"They who give rein to their appetite are daily more brought under its power. It grows by what it feeds on. If sin had no sweetness, it might be easier to keep from sinning. Beware of Satan's bait for the barb is beneath it" (Arnot).

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, etc. Let not the beautiful color of wine tempt thee to drink. Do not even look at the wine-cup. Its flashing color is only a temptation. Do not dally with it by admiring it. The power of wine is not in its beauty; men love it not because it has an exquisite color, and "moveth itself aright," but because it excites, and for an hour gives pleasure. But its deadliest strength is to bring in upon the soul the horrors of remorse. Many a one who has been allured by the fascinations of drink has at last exclaimed with Shakespeare's Cassio—

"O thou miserable spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee, devil! O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts, when it hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath!"

At the last it biteth like a serpent. There is a sweetness in the first taste of sin that makes it a luxury. But the end of all transgression is bitterness, poison, death. Intemperance has the serpent's tooth. The fang goes deep into the springs of life. Strong drink has the serpent's wily, seductive power. It charms first, by its beautiful color and its sparkling taste, but its effects are like virus in the blood. All through conscience and the realm of affection, the poisonous current of passion carries pain and disease. The soul of the man sickens from the bite.

Stingeth like an adder—a most deadly reptile. These scriptural illustrations of the real nature of strong drink ought to be engraved upon every wine-cup. If men could only realize the effect of a love for drink, the gilded saloons, with all their sumptuous adornment, would not screen from their eyes the vile brood of scorpions and adders that lie coiled behind the glitter—the sins, which are the off-spring of that old serpent, the devil, would make the indulgence hideous.

Strange women. Intoxication prepares the man for any crime. Passions are all excited. Love is transformed to lust.

Perverse things. The mild tempered man becomes outbreking and violent. The language of the lips is impure and irrational.

As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea. He will surely sink unless rescued. The watery deep is treacherous; so is indulgence of appetite. The waves are slippery, there is no place for the foot; he may buffet for awhile and keep his head above water, but the man overboard in the Atlantic must at last yield and sink; the inebriate goes down to depths more awful than those of the unbounded sea.

He that lieth upon the top of a mast. The sailor must often run up the mast of his ship to loose or to furl the sail. He must be cool-headed and in possession of all his faculties, or he may be tossed from the rocking yard-arm. A drunkard will be thrown from his place of honor in society as surely as would a sleeper in the rigging of a tossing vessel.

They have stricken me, etc. This is the reflection of the man recovering from the stupor of his debauch. As a glimmer of consciousness returns, he feels that some unreasonable disaster has fallen upon him. He sees his miserable condition, and does not remember when he received his wounds. In the numbness of intoxication he could not feel what now afflicts him.

I will seek it yet again. He only longs for sufficient restoration to be able to go again to his cups, that he may drown his misery in another drunken sleep. So one indulgence leads to another by plunging steps into ruin.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.  
From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 3.  
1 How is it that Solomon could speak so truly upon the vice of intemperance?  
2 What are the six characteristics of drunkards?

3 What warning is given against the fascinations of drink?  
4 What is meant by the "bite" and "sting" of strong drink?

5 Tell how strong drink transforms men, and homes, and society.  
6 Would men indulge the beginnings of such a vice if they fully realized its end?

Home-life is very often trying. But cross words are sent to make us gentle, and delay hath patience, and care teaches faith, and press of business makes us look out for minutes to give to God, and disappointment is a special messenger to summon our thoughts to heaven. Seek not to run away from these things. Learn God's lesson in them, and you will cease to call them trying.—Sevall.

Some days seem to come from nearer heaven than others,—filled with a sweet influence, as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.

## The Family.

## THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"We need a younger man to stir the people and lead them to the fold,"  
The deacons said; "we ask your resignation, because—you're growing old."  
The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence, And tenderly the gloom  
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish Within the lonely room.

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory Hung like a crown of gold,  
And from the noble church the organ's anthem Adown the stillness rolled.  
Assembled were the people for God's worship; But in his study-chamber  
The pastor sat unheeding, while the south wind Caressed his snow-white hair.

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret Of sorrow's glad surcease.  
Upon his forehead shone the benediction Of everlasting peace.  
"The ways of Providence are most mysterious,"  
The deacons gravely said,  
As wondering-eyed, and scared, the people crowded  
About their pastor—dead.

"We loved him!" wrote the people on the coffin,  
In words of shining gold;  
And 'bove the broken heart they set a statue Of marble, white and cold.  
The end? Ah, no, the undiscovered country Somewhere in brightness lies;  
Though only space and stars may be discerned  
By man's short-sighted eyes.  
—The Baptist.

## MARY STANLEY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

## [Concluded.]

A rainy, cheerless day in November, a man might have been seen walking moodily along a street in Baltimore, with little apparent concern for rain or cold. It is the usual hour for tea. His walk continues for some time, and, at length, he reaches a door, which he enters without ceremony. There is a look of comfort within, a cheerful fire beside which are two little children, clean and healthy, and their mother with a smiling, though sad, countenance. The man speaks not, but sitting by the fire with hat on, and wet coat, seems to forbid a greeting. The mother breaks the silence by saying that the evening meal was ready, and inquires, "if he had not better put on a dry coat, that one is so wet?"

"Go away with the coat," he said, roughly; "if you have any supper, I will eat," advancing to the table in the little room where it stood in readiness. A tear in the eye is quickly wiped away. There is a painful uncertainty in her husband's manner, yet she ventures not to ask any explanation.

After a silent meal, the man resumes his seat by the fire. The little boy steals up to his father's side, and placing his little hand upon his knee, looks timidly, wistfully up, as if for some caress, when the hand is cast aside, and in sternness the father tells him, "I am wet; go to your mother." This is too much for the little fellow, for he has not learned the discipline by which his mother's feelings are controlled, and he sobs and weeps, till the mother, by many soothing words and quiet rocking, has hushed her boy's sorrow in childhood's dream. The children are asleep, as the husband, drawing off his boots, puts his feet in the slippers at his side and assumes a more social aspect, when, how she starts, as he says, "I wish you were back in England, Mary; 'tis a poor business following a wretch like me over the world."

The cursed liquor! (and he stamped his foot for emphasis.) "I am going out West to Ohio, to set up for a school-teacher. It doesn't cost much to live there, and I'm done here, discharged, and in debt. We'll be saved any trouble in packing, as the authorities will do that for us," and he laughed in bitterness.

"O John, what are we coming to?" and the poor wife's scalding tears coursed down her cheeks.

What a prospect was hers! They had commenced with a good salary in Baltimore, a situation procured by a letter from a gentleman in Liverpool, through a promise from Gardner that, once in America, he would become a temperate man. But the merchant used wine, and the clerks drank brandy, and the good resolutions of him of whom we speak were like the early dew, so soon they passed away. His wife had seen the increasing sourness of his temper, and the wickedness of his language. Self-respect was fast leaving him; poverty was staring them in the face; and strangers looked upon their changing situations with contempt. And now to the West—a long and tedious journey to be accomplished! Certain it is they cannot go before spring, and yet they cannot stay here.

"Are there any letters for me?" said an intelligent-looking lady to the postmaster, who, it seemed, knew her name.

A letter was handed her—a large one. She glanced at it, and hurried into the street; but no, she cannot wait as she had at first thought to do. Looking at its contents, she falls unconscious upon the pavement. She is taken up and borne into a house, her hand still grasping the open letter. Ah, more, a profile! Recovering, she inquires what has happened. The bystanders tell her.

"Ah, yes; this letter is from my father, and the portrait is of my oldest

boy I left with him in England. But, really, I must hasten home—my little children are alone," and she at once rose to leave.

"I would be happy to have you stay," said the affable French woman.  
"Call and see me, Mrs. LeClerq," returned the first, frankly, and bidding adieu, bends her steps homeward. The children's noisy play is heard at a distance, yet the mother upon entering little heeds the confusion. After arranging some domestic matters, she looks at the clock—it is three o'clock—and sits down to read again the letter, to take a satisfying look at the picture, and to relieve her heart with unchecked tears.

And so she reads, and weeps, and gazes upon that boyish face, though she sees not clearly as she would for dimness of sight, clouded by the tears. Part of the letter Willie has written. Altogether, it brings back, with a freshness untold, her better days. It was no dream. They who have trodden a life's even path may tell of the past as like a dream; but she, whose feet are bleeding and bruised from the thorns and roughness of her journey, whose brain is aching with the deep lines sorrow has traced, remembers too vividly. It is all real. She puts them carefully aside, and with calmer feelings commences their evening meal. The husband will soon return, and every effort is being put forth to render that return pleasant.

In a village upon the banks of *la belle riviere*, Mr. Gardner is teaching. Some years have elapsed since he left Baltimore, and change has rapidly succeeded change, with no visible improvement in the condition of himself or family; their number has increased, and so has the mother's care. The labor of the household devolves upon her, and that toll goes unrepaired by aught of kindly word or sympathy. The children are rude and willful, and the father governs as passion may dictate, while the mother dare not enforce obedience.

"I have received a letter to-day," said Mrs. Gardner, as she handed to her husband the missive so precious to her. He commenced reading, and it seemed as if the man's better nature was struggling for ascendancy; his countenance softened, but, as if fearing a better feeling, he casts the paper aside, and asks for "the picture." She trembles while reaching it to him, lest he, knowing how priceless it was to her, might destroy it.

"The old man is making a fool of him," said he; "here, take it, I am going down street."

How thankful to clasp it again! and yet, that "going down street" bodes no good. Another night is to be added to the long, sleepless ones which have so often been her lot. With what earnestness her prayer is filled! "Lead him not into temptation; deliver us from evil," is the burden borne by the recording angel to the book on high.

"Father, our teacher was asleep to-day. He lay down on a seat, and we all did as we pleased, till his Johnnie awakened him, and then he said school was out, and we might have been home long ago, but we stopped to play."

"To play!" repeated the parent; "you should have come home, and I will attend to your diversions myself. Is there to be school to-morrow?"

"He didn't say anything about it. I don't know," said the child.

In the morning Mr. Moore directed his steps to the cottage of the teacher, and, knocking at the door, was met by the lady of the house. He inquired if Mr. Gardner is in.

"He is, sir; but quite unwell this morning."

"Ah! I called over to see if he would be able to attend school to-day." "He thinks not, but wishes me to say that he will be there to-morrow, if possible."

"We would like to have more certainty in the one employed as a school-teacher," said Mr. Moore, reproachfully, and then bidding the lady good-morning, left.

Mrs. Gardner has trials multiplied today. Her husband is in bed yet, childish and exacting; the babe is fretful, and the larger children, being at home, seem to regard it as a time of special mischief. After having upset a bucket of water, broken with their ball the looking-glass, and committed various other misdemeanors, for which curses had been bestowed without stint, they are persuaded by their mother to go away from the house to play. A little quiet is secured. The babe is hushed to sleep; the sick man becomes unconscious also; and the mother moves silently around, to bake and prepare for the afternoon meal. She would not get any dinner, she had told the children; "but they should have a hearty supper, and perhaps their father could eat with them."

Some two hours glided away, when the voices of children, talking and crying, announced their return.

"Mother, just look here," said the eldest boy, sobbing; "just look how Jim Vernon scratched my face. When I got bigger, I'll whip him well," and the excited boy evidently felt himself the victim of some grievous wrong.

"Johnnie, Johnnie, how often have I told you not to fight. 'Tis a wicked thing, and now your face is bleeding, and your clothes torn; besides, what a bad example you set before your little brothers."

"I don't care, mother; let me tell you how it was. We went down there to play, and there was Jim Vernon, and some more boys, and Jim asked me where father was. I told him father was at home sick in bed; and then he said my father was a drunkard, and

that was what made him sick. I wouldn't bear that, and so we had a fight. Some man made us quit. I saw Dr. Vernon drink wine, one time, with some gentlemen, and I told Jim that father had drank wine, many a time, with nicer folks than he ever saw. Hasn't he, mother?"

"Hush, Johnnie, you distract me." She dared not reprove the child as she wished, for the father had been listening to the recital of the boy's difficulty, and was disposed to encourage his valor.

A man who wore a rusty coat, which had once been a fine one, with a hat of the same description, might have been seen passing through a newly settled neighborhood. He carried a paper, upon which he was endeavoring to obtain signatures, to the end that he might become the man in authority over their children, in a little log school-house situated some distance from the river, upon the banks of a brook, with a hill upon each side, and the oaks of a century yet undisturbed around it.

The house was a quaint one of the olden time, built of round logs, roofed with clap-boards laid to their respective places by logs placed upon them, a little low door, swung on wooden hinges, a large fire-place, which did well its part in making red eyes for all who might seek to warm themselves, and two windows, six feet wide, and of the height of a log, sawed out for their insertion, one log for each window.

Some two weeks, and the school opens. Children, and half-grown boys and girls are there, many of whom are commencing their alphabet, with not an advanced scholar in the crowd of twenty-five that gather around the "teacher," upon this first morning. Here he is, the man, who might have held companionship with the honorable of the world's proudest realm. And humble as is the place, he is not now worthy of it.

Like unto the school-house is the cabin where the wife and children are to live as best they can. Many were the hardships which fell to them during the two succeeding years—years in which want, disgrace, ill-treatment and fear have each been doing its work—crushing out the life of that martyr-woman.

How the free light of the moon beams calmly, coldly, down on the snow-shrouded earth! 'Tis beautiful; we cast open the shutter, that we may gaze upon the white rays that fall on curtain and carpet and farther wall; and then sink into sweet reveries. The bereaved remembers dear forms lying under the pitiless snow. The stranger pictures the moonlight dancing on the waters of some far off clime—the home of childhood. Each human heart will have a contemplation adapted to its condition, mental and physical. On such a night, how mocking is the freezing light to an outcast family!

"They say Gardner turned his wife and children out of doors last night," said a young farmer to his wife as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Cannot something be done for that poor woman?" inquires the wife, as her tears find way.

"Not unless men would cease to supply Gardner with liquor. The man who sells him alcoholic drink would steal, if there were no penal law to prevent," rejoined the husband.

"You are very weary; will you not lie down?" said a sick woman to a visitor, who came apparently much exhausted.

"I knew it was too far for me to walk," said Mrs. Barker; "but I heard that you were about leaving the neighborhood, and I was very anxious to see you. Have you necessities to make you comfortable?" said the friend.

"I have not, but do not tell it."

Wasting, pining away, yet the trials which were draining life must be concealed as far as possible. Yet to this one friend would she reveal little by little; how they had no bread, nor meat, nor milk; how she could do without, but it was so bad for the children; how terribly cross her husband was, and how she suffered from fear, lest in an evil hour a violent death might fall upon them. "Were it not for little Jane, I could wish to close my eyes in a last, long sleep."

"You may see better times," said the visitor, and with words of encouragement did she try to soothe the bitterness for which there is no healing. "If you will let one of your boys go home with me, I will send some things to make you comfortable."

"It will not do for Mr. Gardner to know that I received charity."

"Well, then, if he should be absent a day, I will send them."

Thus it was arranged because of his drunken fury, and thus, through kindness stealthily bestowed, the sick woman recovered.

"Oh, that I might write once more to my dear old father!" said Mrs. Gardner to a lady, at whose house the family were waiting for a boat to go farther West.

"Why don't you do it?" said Mrs. Hart.

"John has forbidden it, and I have no money to pay postage." The lady goes to a drawer, and, hastily collecting conveniences for writing, gave them to the desolate one, bidding her go up stairs and write all she wished; "and leave the letter here, I will send it."

Many years rolled by. The neighborhood was changed. A very few remained of its first settlers. A hot day in August, a man is seen coming in a gate, travel-worn and old, with poor clothing, a little bundle tied in a cotton handkerchief, borne upon the end of a stick upon his shoulder. A farmer and his wife are sitting in a grape-shaded porch; the man asks for a drink, which is given; he sits down upon a step and commences conversation with the farmer. The wife looks on a moment, and in a low tone tells her husband, "'Tis Gardner." The farmer asks him if he was ever here before.

"Yes," is the reply. "I kept school once farther up that little stream."

"And your name?" inquired Mrs. Hart.

"My name is Gardner."

"May I ask where your wife is?" said Mrs. Hart.

"My wife! she is dead, and gone to—ten years ago," returned the brush-man.

"She was too good for you," was the sharp rejoinder of the farmer's wife; for she it was, who, so long ago, had mailed the last letter, perhaps, that Mrs. Gardner's father may have received from his heart-broken Mary. She inquired for the children.

"The little girl died before her mother, and the boys are men, wandering here and there, and hard drinkers."

But one thing more, and we are done. Whenever a love for strong drink is once predominant, a promise of reformation, however strongly pledged, if made with a view to marriage, is seldom, if ever, kept inviolate.

## OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

The following poem was composed from an incident related in a recent number of ZION'S HERALD.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Near her dying boy was a mother;  
And he lifted his little hand,  
And pointed away as he asked, "Mother,  
Oh, what is that beautiful land?"

"What is that beautiful land, mother,  
Over yonder mountain high?  
Of that country so fair and bright, mother,  
Oh, tell me before I die."

"There are countless children there, mother,  
In that land so fair and bright;  
They beckon me over the mountains,  
Where the angels dwell in light."

"Will you carry me over the mountains?  
Mother, I'm faint and cold;  
I cannot go alone, mother,  
For the shadows around me fold."

"You need not go with me now, mother,  
For the Strong Man to me has come;  
And will bear me safe o'er the mountains,  
In His arms to His heavenly home."

The voice of the dying was silent,  
His face in death grew cold;  
Over the mountains the Shepherd  
Bore the lamb to the heavenly fold.

## RIPE FRUIT GATHERED.

On the 25th of last March, it was the privilege of the writer to talk for an hour with the wife of one of our ministers. The conversation was mainly upon the measure of Christian privilege. The friend was in sympathy with the theme, and although, like the late Mrs. Palmer, her exercises were more intellectual than emotional, yet her experience was most gratifying.

The lady was quite unwell, but did not appear anxious, while her husband was hopeful of her recovery. But she who conversed so calmly and cheerfully was then in the valley over which death projects its spectral shadow. The moments spent in that interview formed no small portion of the time she was to spend on earth. On the fourth day of April, only ten days later, her spirit fled.

The departed sister was Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Rev. Josiah Bean. She was converted in 1859, under the labors of Rev. Charles F. Allen. Her husband, two of her brothers, John and L. H. Bean, together with Conforth L. Haskell, were converted under the same pastorate, and I think, in the same revival. All four of these men became useful ministers, and three of them have been acceptable members of the East Maine Conference.

Of our lamented sister it is enough to say that she was a superior house-keeper, a valuable helpmate to a minister, a sensible and noble Christian woman. Her end was peace.

Bangor, Aug. 3, 1876. A. PRINCE.

## FAMILY REUNION.

On Thursday, August 10, the descendants of Captain Edmund Perley, to the number of nearly fifty, held a family reunion at the old homestead in Lempster, N. H. Captain Perley was one of the earliest Methodists in the State. His devotion to the Church of his choice, his fidelity as an official member and class-leader, and his consistent Christian life, are matters of precious memory with those who knew him. His house was always open to the Methodist itinerant, and many of the older ministers in New England can testify to-day of his Christian hospitality and earnest piety. He was one of the prominent citizens of his town, and among the foremost in his advocacy of every measure calculated to promote its prosperity. He was particularly devoted to the cause of education, giving his own children the best advantages of his day. And he was actively identified with the great Washingtonian temperance movement of half a century or so ago. The old homestead is now owned by his son, Asbury F. Perley, esq.

Among those who assembled at this reunion were representatives from the east and the west, the north and the south. Among those connected with

the family and present on this occasion, were Rev. Dr. Miner and wife of Boston, Mrs. Bishop Baker and family of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Rev. Chester Field and daughter of Boston, Hon. Ira Colby and Dr. O. B. Way of Claremont, N. H., and Rev. L. C. Field of Concord, N. H. The exercises were held in a maple grove, set out by Capt. Perley himself in front of the old home. A bountiful repast was served; music and song enlivened the occasion; addresses were made by different members of the family; prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Miner, and the whole company in conclusion united in singing the doxology. It was one of the pleasantest and tenderest of gatherings, and will ever remain one of the brightest of spots in the memories of those who were present.

## OUR DARLING.

Mother, have you a vacant seat in your home circle? During these extreme hot months, when so many hundred babies have sickened and died, have the terrible diseases of babyhood snatched a loved one from your home? If so, you can read and weep with me.

A darling boy, scarcely a year old, in his simplicity and purity, has taken flight, and is now safe in the arms of Jesus.

But how much we miss them; the little arms from around our neck, the baby prattle, the dear, sweet, innocent face! Jesus, keep them; fold them closer to Thee; and we will wipe away the burning tears and patiently wait.

"No tears shall be in heaven, no darkened room,  
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;  
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth,  
Shall breeze the frame with an immortal youth." MOTHER.

## FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

## CARRY'S MARKS.

"For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," repeated Miss Evans, slowly. "My dear girls," she said, "have you these marks?" It used to be the custom in India to brand the master's name upon the arms of his servants, so that all who met them would know to whom they belonged. Do your lives show the name of the Lord Jesus to all whom you meet?"

"O Bell!" cried Jenny Day, as they walked home from Sabbath-school. "Did you see Sarah Brooks in that new silk dress? Didn't she feel grand!"

"New!" returned Bell White, scornfully. "I almost knew it was made out of one of her mother's old ones; but she is a perfect little peacock, any way."

"How spiteful they are," thought Carry Maynard; "I am glad I know better than to talk that way. Girls," she said, aloud, "I think you are forgetting very quickly what Miss Evans read about the marks. The Bible says, 'Charity envieth not.'"

"Yes," answered Bell, angrily, "and it says, too, 'Vauntheth not itself, is not



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